

# HAPPY VOICES.



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU ST. NEW-YORK.







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/happyvoicesnewhy00amer>







# HAPPY VOICES:

NEW HYMNS AND TUNES,

WITH

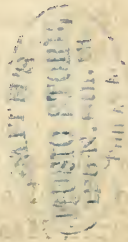
MANY POPULAR AND STERLING OLD ONES,

FOR THE

Home Circle and Sabbath-Schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



# PREFACE.

---

CHILDREN's hosannas are as pleasing to the Saviour now as in the days of his flesh, and to aid them in this noblest use of their happy voices is a work worthy of the highest talents and the best endeavors. The hymns and tunes in this volume, both old and new, have been selected from a far greater number, in view of their real and permanent excellence—to promote not only the happiness, but the salvation of the young. It is confidently committed to Him we love to honor, and to all who delight in his praise.

Marks of musical expression are intentionally omitted, that leaders may exercise their own taste in this essential matter. A refreshing variety, too, ought to be secured by the skilful use of solos, duets, quartets, and semi-choruses.

A large portion of the hymns and tunes are copyrighted; and no one is at liberty to publish any of them without the owner's consent. We acknowledge with pleasure the courtesy of several composers and owners who have given us the use of their tunes. We would also call attention to the charming original contributions of Rev. A. A. GRALEY, Manlius, N. Y., who is the composer of both words and music of the pieces bearing his initials; and to the fine harmonies of Mr. HOWARD KINGSBURY, who has assisted in selecting and revising all the music.

W. W. R.

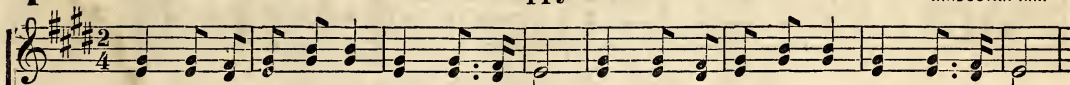
ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of the State of New York.

# HAPPY VOICES.

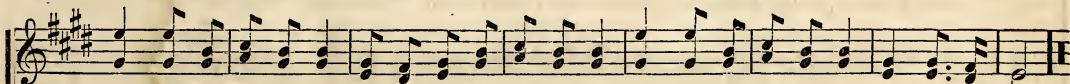
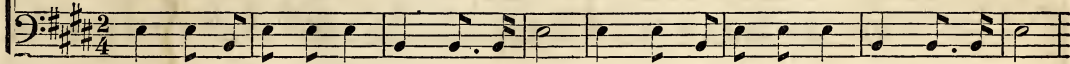
1

## The Happy Land.

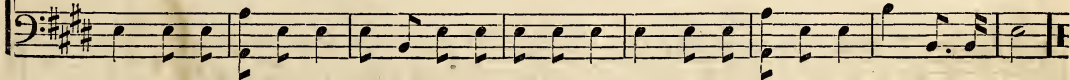
HINDOSTAN AIR.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.



Oh how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King;" Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.



2. Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away.  
Why will ye doubting stand,  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye:  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
Oh then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright, above the sun,  
We'll reign for aye.

1. Nature's cheerful voices all in harmony chime: Songs from the trees, songs o'er the seas, Murmurs soft on the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and B4, then a pair of beamed eighth notes C5 and D5, and continues with various chords and single notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and time signature. It provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes, including a prominent bass line of G2, F2, and E2.

CHORUS.  
floating breeze, Songs, best of all, of childhood's merry time. Thus then your powers employ, Happy voices,

This system contains the second two staves of music. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system, marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, also marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

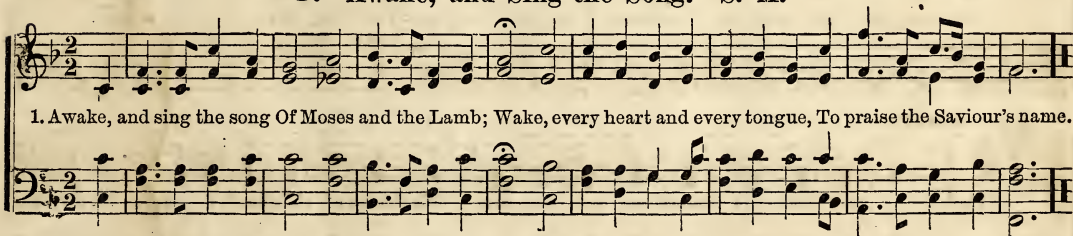
full of life and joy, Glad-ness and love, Learn-ing mel-o-dies for the world a-bove.

This system contains the third two staves of music. The treble staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are placed between the staves.



2. All things praise their Maker, each with a different voice; 4. Cold and dead the world lies, e'en with its myriad songs,  
 Some to the eye praise silently, Till here and there rise on the air  
 Like yon stars in the evening sky; Praises pure, and believing prayer,  
 But sons of God with heart and soul rejoice.—CHO. Soaring to God amid the angelic throngs.—CHO.
3. Cold and dull were Eden's groves and murmuring rills, 5. Not like stars nor birds then, praise we the heavenly  
 Till high in air burst on the ear With song and lyre, anthem and choir, [King;  
 Warbling notes of the lark, full and clear. Hands that, working for Christ, never tire,  
 Life, life alone the living bosom thrills.—CHO. And hearts of love, whence all good thoughts do spring.

### 3. Awake, and Sing the Song. S. M.



1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

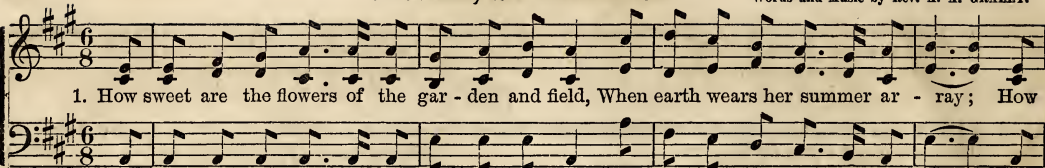
2. Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power,  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue;  
 Sing till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspire our song.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ th' eternal King.

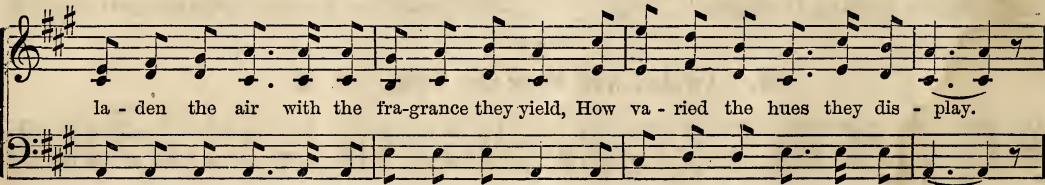
5. Soon shall we hear him say,  
 "Ye blesséd children, come;"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.
6. Soon shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim,  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 "Of Moses and the Lamb."

## Flowers, Sweet Flowers.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

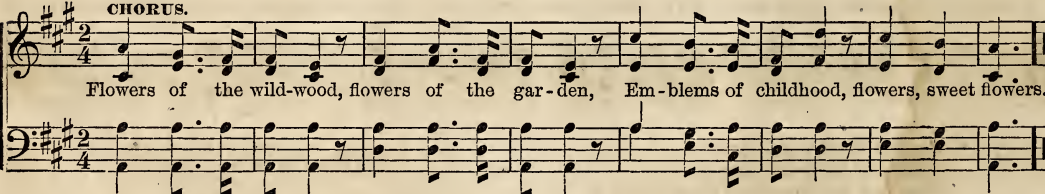


1. How sweet are the flowers of the gar - den and field, When earth wears her summer ar - ray; How



la - den the air with the fra-grance they yield, How va - ried the hues they dis - play.

**CHORUS.**



Flowers of the wild-wood, flowers of the gar - den, Em - blems of childhood, flowers, sweet flowers.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. But frail is their texture and transient their stay,<br/>For brief is the life of a flower;<br/>Their fragrance and beauty too soon pass away,<br/>They gladden the heart for an hour.—Cho.</p> | <p>4. Thus fair are the children in home's sunny ground,<br/>Thus frail as the floweret are they;<br/>The scythe of the mower is sweeping around,<br/>They're fading and passing away.—Cho.</p>           |
| <p>3. Some, plucked by the hand of the envious or rude,<br/>Their life and their loveliness yield;<br/>While some by the pitiless mower are strewed,<br/>To wither like grass of the field.—Cho.</p>  | <p>5. We'll give them our prayers and the heart-cheering<br/>Thus nurtured by sunshine and shower, [word;<br/>Their virtues may scatter a fragrance around<br/>Surviving the fall of the flower.—Cho.</p> |

## Wont You Volunteer?

1. { Come, boys, come, girls, wont you vol-un - teer? If you'd reign in heaven above, you must bat - tle here; }  
 Say not, say not, We are weak and few; On - ly bat-tle for the right, God will strengthen you. }

**CHORUS.**

March on, march on, sing-ing as you go; March on, march on, do not fear the foe;

March on, march on, sing-ing as you go; March on, march on, do not fear the foe.

2. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer?  
 Youthful soldiers of the cross, to our ranks repair:  
 List not, list not to the world and sin,  
 Turn away from foes without, and from foes within.  
 CHO.—March on, march on, etc.

3. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer?  
 Jesus bought you with his blood; how can you forbear?

Sinful, dying, to your help he flew:  
 Wont you love and live for him who has died for you  
 CHO.—March on, march on, etc.

4. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer?  
 Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere:  
 Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne,  
 You shall strike a harp of gold and wear a golden crown.

## Morning Bells.

**FINE.**

1. { Hark, the morn-ing bells are ring-ing! Chil-dren, haste with-out de-lay; }  
 { Prayers of thou-sands now are wing-ing Up to heaven their si-lent way. }

Let us all u-nite in sing-ing, All u-nite in sol-emn prayer.

**CHORUS.** **D. C.**

Come, chil-dren, come, the bells are ring-ing; To the school with haste re-pair;

2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,  
 Children meet for praise and prayer;  
 But the hour is short and fleeting,  
 Let us then be early there.  
 CHO.—Come, children, come, etc.

4. Children, haste, the bells are ringing,  
 And the morning's bright and fair;  
 Thousands now unite in singing,  
 Thousands too in solemn prayer.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,  
 While you tarry by the way;  
 Nor disturb the school reciting,  
 'Tis the holy Sabbath day.  
 CHO.—Come, children, come, etc.

—◆—  
**7. Infant Choir.**

1. Who shall sing if not the children?  
 Did not Jesus die for them?  
 May they not, with other jewels,  
 Sparkle in his diadem?



Why to them were voices given—  
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?  
 Why, unless the song of heaven  
 They begin to practise here?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,  
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne,  
 Angels cease, and waiting listen:  
 Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own.  
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,  
 When her ear is upward turned;  
 Is not this the same perfected  
 Which upon the earth they learned?
3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,  
 Loved them with a wondrous love;  
 And will he, to heaven returning,  
 Faithless to his blessing prove?  
 Oh, they cannot sing too early:  
 Fathers, stand not in their way.  
 Birds do sing while day is breaking:  
 Tell me then why should not they?

### 8. Birth of Christ.

1. HARK, what mean those holy voices  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
 Lo, th' angelic host rejoices,  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

#### CHORUS.

Hear them tell the wondrous story,  
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy,  
 "Glory in the highest, glory,  
 Glory be to God most high."

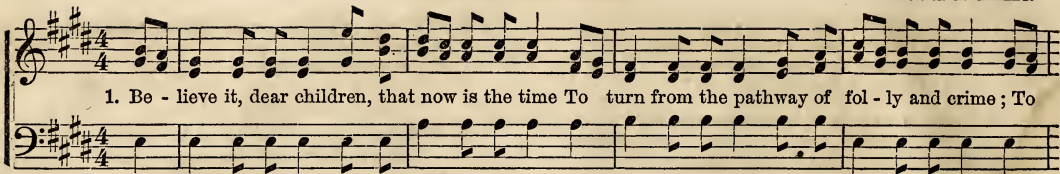
2. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
 Loud their golden harps shall sound."  
 CHO.—Hear them tell, etc.
3. "Christ is born, the great Anointed,  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;  
 Oh receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King."  
 CHO.—Hear them tell, etc.
4. "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,  
 Learn his name and taste his joy;  
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
 Glory be to God most high!"  
 CHO.—Hear them tell, etc.

### 9. Praise to God.

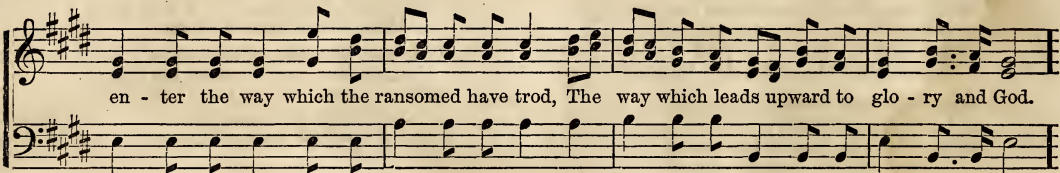
1. PRAISE to God the great Creator;  
 Praise to God from every tongue:  
 Join, my soul, with every creature,  
 Join the universal song.  
 Father, source of all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine;  
 Hail the God of our salvation!  
 Praise him for his love divine.
2. Joyfully on earth adore him,  
 Till in heaven our song we raise;  
 Then, enraptured, fall before him,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise:  
 Praise to God the great Creator,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 Praise him, every living creature,  
 Earth and heaven's united host.

## Now is the Time.

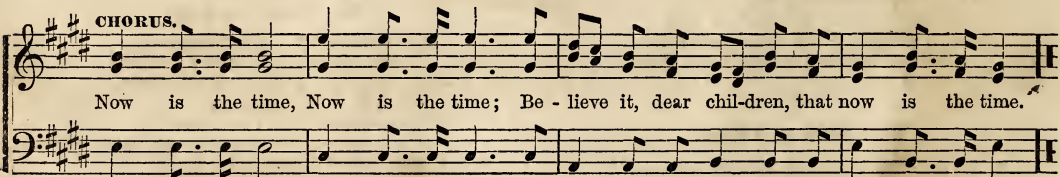
Rev. A. A. GRALEY



1. Be - lieve it, dear children, that now is the time To turn from the pathway of fol - ly and crime ; To



en - ter the way which the ransomed have trod, The way which leads upward to glo - ry and God.



**CHORUS.**  
Now is the time, Now is the time ; Be - lieve it, dear chil-dren, that now is the time.

2. But if you inquire why the future wont do  
As well as the present that way to pursue,  
Remember that death hovers over your path,  
And over you gathers a tempest of wrath.—CHO.
3. But should you be spared e'en to threescore and ten,  
Each year full of sorrow and shame will have been;  
And what have you gained by this guilty delay?  
A heart less inclined to believe and obey.—CHO.
4. Don't say, "When religion possesses the soul,  
All cheerfulness withers beneath its control."  
Religion and happiness ever combine;  
But shame and remorse are the wages of sin.—CHO.
5. Then now is the time to secure the "good part,"  
That sanctifies while it rejoices the heart;  
The day of acceptance is passing away;  
Then haste to the Saviour, dear children, to-day.



## Around the Throne.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand ; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A

ho - ly hap - py band, Sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white  
 See every one arrayed;  
 Dwelling in everlasting light,  
 And joys that never fade,  
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

3. What brought them to that world above—  
 That heaven so bright and fair,  
 Where all is peace and joy and love?  
 How came those children there?  
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood  
 To wash away their sin:  
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
 Behold them white and clean,  
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
 On earth they loved his name;  
 So now they see his blessed face,  
 And stand before the Lamb,  
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

1. The val - leys and the mountains, The woodland and the plain, The riv - ers and the foun - tains, The ;

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a semicolon at the end of the first line.

sun-shine and the rain, The stars that shine a - bove me, The flowers that deck the sod, Pro -

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the staves.

claim a-loud the glo - ry of my God. Prais - es, ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, Prais - es

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the staves.

to the God a-bove; Prais - es thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Sound a-loud his greatness and his love.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics conclude below the staves.

2. And shall the voice of nature  
 Thus glorify its King;  
 And man, the noble creature,  
 No grateful tribute bring?  
 Shall mercy strew his pathway,  
 And all the senses please,  
 And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?  
 Praise him, ye that live for ever;  
 Praise him every heart and voice;  
 Praise him, he's the glorious Giver;  
 Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.

3. The word of life he gave us  
 To guide us to the sky;  
 That he might justly save us,  
 He sent his Son to die—  
 To die in shame and anguish,  
 To die a sacrifice;  
 To save us from the death that never dies.  
 Praise him, praise him for salvation;  
 Praise him, praise him for his Son;  
 Praise him, every tribe and nation;  
 Praise him for the battle he has won.

4. Then train your youthful voices  
 To hymn his praise above;  
 For he who here rejoices  
 In Jesus' dying love,  
 Around his throne in glory  
 Shall all his love proclaim,  
 And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.  
 Praise him, praise th' eternal Father;  
 Praise him, praise th' eternal Son;  
 Praise him, praise the Three together,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, three in One.

## 13. To Thee, my God and Saviour.

1. To thee, my God and Saviour,  
 My heart exulting springs,  
 Rejoicing in thy favor,  
 Almighty King of kings:  
 I'll celebrate thy glory  
 With all the saints above,  
 And tell the wondrous story  
 Of thy love.

### CHORUS.

Glory! glory, hallelujah!  
 Glory to the God of love;  
 Glory! glory, hallelujah!  
 Glory ever be to God above.

2. Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication,  
 Jehovah, thou shalt hear;  
 Oh grant me thy salvation,  
 And draw near.  
 Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

3. By thee, through life supported,  
 I pass the dangerous road,  
 By heavenly hosts escorted  
 Up to their bright abode;  
 There cast my crown before thee,  
 My toils and conflicts o'er,  
 And gratefully adore thee  
 Evermore.  
 Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

## Hosanna.

## CHORUS.

1. { What are those soul-re - viv-ing strains Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains? }  
 { What anthems loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill? } "Glo-ry, glo-ry!"

let us sing, While heaven and earth with "Glory!" ring : Ho-san-na, ho - san-na, ho - san-na to the  
 Ho-san-na, ho - san-na, ho - san-na to the

FINE. *Allegretto.**Al Segno.*

Lamb of God! "Glo - ry, glo - ry!" let us sing, While heaven and earth with "Glo-ry!" ring :  
 Lamb of God!

2. Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings  
 "Hosanna to the King of kings!"  
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim  
 Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—CHO.
3. Messiah's name shall joy impart,  
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:

- He bled for us, he bled for you,  
 And we will sing Hosanna too.—CHO.
4. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;  
 See David's Son and Lord appear:  
 All praise on earth to him be given,  
 And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.



## The Fountain.

1. Oh, there is a foun-tain that nev - er is dry, The wounds of Im - man - uel that

foun - tain sup - ply: From a - ges to a - ges the crim - son stream flows, To

cleanse the pol - lut-ed and light-en their woes, To cleanse the pol-lut-ed and light-en their woes.

2. 'Tis there in his childhood a sinner may go,  
And manhood may wash till he's whiter than snow;  
And age, by his sins and his sorrows oppressed,  
||: May find in the wounds of the Saviour a rest. :||

3. No vileness too vile for that fount to remove,  
No sinner too sinful its virtues to prove;

If conscience reproaches, if terrors appall,  
||: 'T was opened for you, for 't was opened for all. :||

4. Then come to the fountain so gushing and red;  
A tempest of wrath mutters over your head,  
And the moments of mercy are passing away:  
||: Then come to the fountain, poor sinner, to-day. :||

## Hallelujah.

1. In the far bet-ter land of glo-ry and light The ransomed are sing-ing in garments of

white, The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

## CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah

to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.

2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain  
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days, With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."  
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain CHO.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.

CHO.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3. Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,  
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?

4. Now, children and teachers and friends, all unite  
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;  
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,  
The song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

E. S. PORTER, D. D.



1. This life is a race, And brief is the space In which the great prize must be  
2. At once then be - gin, Cast off eve - ry sin And weight that en - cum - bers the

won: Then do not de - lay, For hap - py are they Who ear - ly de - ter - mine to  
soul; And en - ter the track, And nev - er look back, Till safe - - ly ar - rived at the

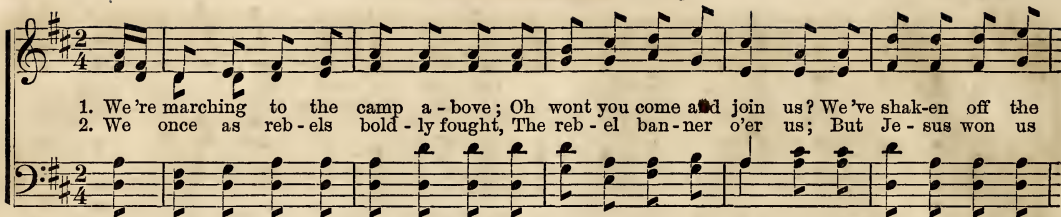
## CHORUS.

run. Run in the race, run in the race, run in the race for glo - - ry.  
goal. Run in the race, run in the race, run in the race for glo - - ry.

3. When faint and oppressed,  
Some foe may suggest,  
"T were better the race to give o'er;"  
But do not sit down;  
Just think of the crown,  
And that will revive you once more.

4. Yes, think of the crown,  
And let the world frown,  
'T is better by far than its smile:  
It shall not destroy;  
And as for its joy,  
It only allures to defile.—CHO.

5. Awake then, arise;  
Contend for the prize  
What glories around it are flung:  
Oh fly from the path  
That leads down to wrath, [young.  
And run for the crown while you're



1. We're marching to the camp a - bove; Oh wont you come and join us? We've shak-en off the  
 2. We once as reb - els bold - ly fought, The reb - el ban - ner o'er us; But Je - sus won us



CHORUS.  
 chains of sin, No lon - ger they con - fine us. Then come and join the ar - my, Then come and join the  
 by his cross, And now leads on be - fore us. Then come and join the ar - my, Then come and join, etc.



ar - - my; Oh gird the gos - pel ar - mor on, And come and join the ar - - my.

3. And tho' against the shield of faith The fiery darts may rattle,  
 A soldier Jesus never lost,  
 And never lost a battle.—CHO.
4. He'll give us peace and holy joy  
 On this side of the river, [flood,  
 And when we've passed the swelling  
 Eternal life for ever.—CHO.
5. And soon the conflict will be o'er;  
 And will it not be glorious  
 To leave the battle-field for heaven,  
 Rejoicing and victorious!—CHO.

# Will You Go?

19

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n above; Will you go? Will you go? }  
 To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love; Will you go? Will you go? } Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A -

nointed kings and priests to God; And mill-ions more are on the road. Will you go? Will you go?

2. We're going to walk the plains of light;  
 Will you go?  
 Far, far from curse and death and night;  
 Will you go?  
 The crown of life we then shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;  
 Will you go?
3. The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
 Will you go?  
 Repent, believe, be born again;  
 Will you go?

- The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,  
 And thou shalt my salvation see."  
 Will you go?
4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say,  
 "I will go."  
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,  
 "Make me go;"  
 And all his old companions tell,  
 "I will not go with you to hell,  
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
 Let me go."

## Little Pilgrims.

1. The way to heaven is nar-row, And its bless-ed en-trance strait; But how safe the lit-tle  
 2. The sun-beams of the morn-ing Make the nar-row path-way fair, And these ear-ly lit-tle

CHORUS.

pil-grims Who get with-in the gate! And we may join the pilgrim band That journeys toward the  
 pil-grims Find dew-y bless-ings there. And we may join the pilgrim band That journeys toward, etc.

light; For the gold-en gate of that hap-py land Stands o--pen day and night.

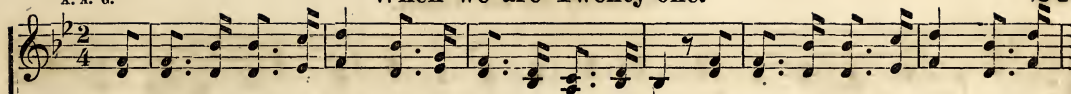
3. They pass o'er rugged mountains,  
 But they climb them with a song;  
 For these early little pilgrims  
 Have sandals new and strong.

4. They do not greatly tremble,  
 When the shadows night foretell;  
 For these early little pilgrims  
 Have tried the path full well.

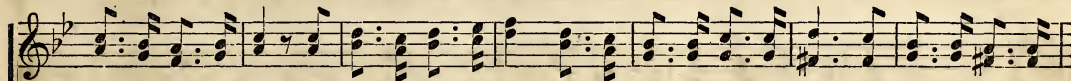
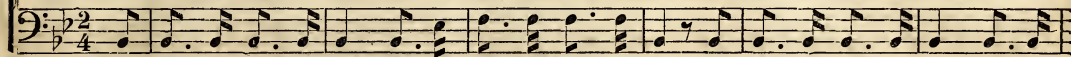
5. They know it leads to heaven,  
 With its bright and open gates,  
 Where for happy little pilgrims  
 A Saviour's welcome waits.



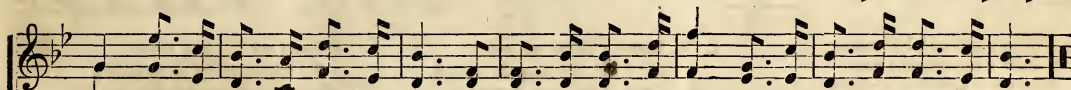
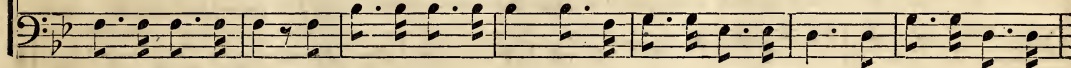
## When we are Twenty-one.



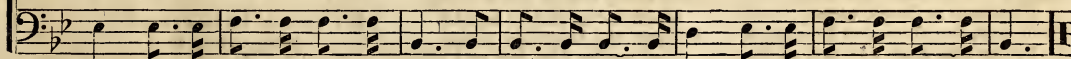
1. When we are twen - ty - one, boys, When we are twen - ty - one, We cast the fet - ters off, boys, Our  
 2. There is a ru - by cup, boys, 'Tis held in Pleasure's hand; We'll quaff it long and deep, boys, A



pu - pil - age is done; Be - fore us is the world, boys, We'll try what it can do; It prom - is - es so  
 hap - py, jo - vial band; And treasure we'll secure, boys, And hon - or's steep we'll climb, And sober tho'ts we'll



fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true; It prom - is - es so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true.  
 leave, boys, To those who've passed their prime; And sober tho'ts we'll leave, boys, To those who've passed their prime.



3. But hark! I hear a voice, boys;  
 It whispers, "Youth, beware!  
 Before you're twenty-one, boys,  
 The dream may disappear—  
 The blooming cheek grow pale, boys,  
 And dim the sparkling eye,  
 ||: And in death's cold embrace, boys,  
 The active form may lie.:||

4. "Talk not of twenty-one, boys,  
 Talk not of twenty-one;  
 The present *now* is all, boys,  
 That you can call your own;  
 Each moment as it glides, boys,  
 Its hidden store reveals;  
 ||: But who can pierce the veil, boys,  
 Which future years conceals?:||

5. "'Twere madness then to sing, boys,  
 And boast of years to come;  
 Awake from folly's dream, boys,  
 The Saviour calls you home;  
 Now while the harvest waves, boys,  
 The reaper's garb put on,  
 ||: And gather sheaves for heaven, boys,  
 Before you're twenty-one.:||



## I want to be an Angel.

{ I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, }  
 { A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand; } There, right be - fore my

Sav - iour, So glo - rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise him day and night.

2. I never should be weary;  
 Nor ever shed a tear,  
 Nor ever know a sorrow,  
 Nor ever feel a fear;  
 But blessed, pure, and holy,  
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
 And with ten thousand thousands  
 Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,  
 But Jesus will forgive;  
 For many little children  
 Have gone to heaven to live.  
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
 And lay me down to die,  
 Oh send a shining angel  
 To bear me to the sky.

4. Oh there I'll be an angel,  
 And with the angels stand,  
 A crown upon my forehead,  
 A harp within my hand;  
 And there before my Saviour,  
 So glorious and so bright,  
 I'll join the heavenly music,  
 And praise him day and night.

— — — — —  
**23. I want to be like Jesus.**

1. I WANT to be like Jesus,  
 So lowly and so meek,  
 For no one marked an angry word  
 That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,  
 So frequently in prayer;  
 Alone upon the mountain top  
 He met his Father there.

2. I want to be like Jesus;  
 I never, never find  
 That he, though persecuted, was  
 To any one unkind.  
 I want to be like Jesus,  
 Engaged in doing good,  
 So that of me it may be said,  
 "She hath done what she could."

3. I want to be like Jesus,  
 So lowly and so meek,

For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard him speak.  
Alas, I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see:  
O, gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
And make me like to thee.



## 24. The precious Story.

1. How precious is the story  
Of our Redeemer's birth,  
Who left the realms of glory,  
And came to dwell on earth:  
He saw our sad condition,  
Our guilt and sin and shame;  
To save us from perdition  
The blessed Jesus came.
2. He came to earth from heaven,  
To weep and bleed and die,  
That we might be forgiven,  
And raised to God on high.  
His kindness and compassion  
To children then were shown,  
The heirs of his salvation,  
He claimed them for his own.
3. Oh may I love this Saviour,  
So good, so kind, so mild;  
And may I find his favor,  
A young though sinful child;  
And in his blessed heaven  
May I at last appear,  
With all my sins forgiven,  
To know and praise him there.

## 25. Singing of Jesus.

1. COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and accents blend,  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only friend;  
His holy soul rejoices  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in his love.
2. We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The tempted and the strong;  
None who besought his healing,  
He passed unheeded by;  
And still retains his feeling  
For us above the sky.
3. We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
And in our hour of danger  
We'll trust his love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on the throne.
4. Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day;  
For those who here confess him  
He will in heaven confess,  
And faithful hearts that bless him  
He will for ever bless.

## 26. To the Saviour Crucified.

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed  
Now scornfully surrounded [down;  
With thorns, thy only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.
2. Oh noblest brow and dearest,  
In other days the world  
All feared when thou appearedst.  
What shame on thee is hurled!  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn;  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!
3. What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh make me thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee.
4. Be near when I am dying;  
Oh show thy cross to me,  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

## The Child's Desire.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above

4. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## 28. Filial Affection.

1. Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,  
Who loved thee so fondly as he?  
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,  
And joined in thy innocent glee.
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen;  
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,  
For loving and kind she hath been.
3. Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray  
As long as God giveth her breath:  
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,  
E'en to the dark valley of death.

# Forbid Them Not.

1. When ma - ny to the Sav - iour's feet Their lit - tle chil - dren brought, And from the source of  
 2. "For - bid them not, nor harsh - ly chide Their wish to see my face, For lit - tle chil - dren

bless - ed - ness A Sav - iour's bless - ing sought; To some who with mis - ta - ken zeal The  
 such as these My Fa - ther's king - dom grace." Then gath - ered in his lov - ing arms And

near ap - proach for - bade, "Let lit - tle chil - dren come to me," The bless - ed Sav - iour said.  
 fold - ed to his breast, He poured a bless - ing all di - vine On eve - ry lit - tle guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the same,  
 Though now enthroned above;  
 He waits to bless you as of old  
 With his forgiving love.  
 He marks with joy each faint attempt  
 His favor to obtain,

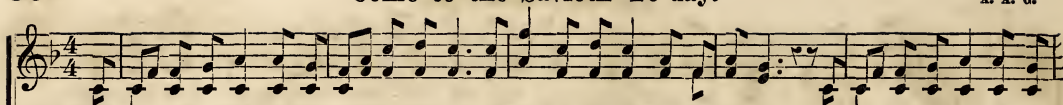
And those who early seek his face  
 Shall never seek in vain.

4.

But sin prevents, and Satan strives  
 To keep you from his arms;

And to allure the soul away,  
 The world displays its charms;  
 But look to Jesus, for his power  
 Your foes can ne'er withstand;  
 Let him but say, "Forbid them not,"  
 They'll fly at his command.





1. Oh come to the Saviour, dear children, to-day, 'Tis folly to wait till you're older, The heart is now tender, but  
2. You hear of the cross where Immanuel bled, And tears down your faces are stealing; But when a few years have rolled

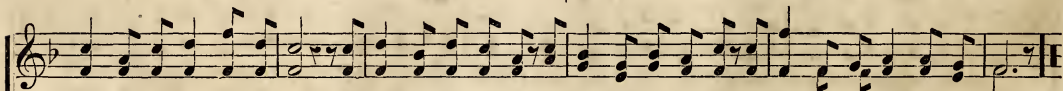
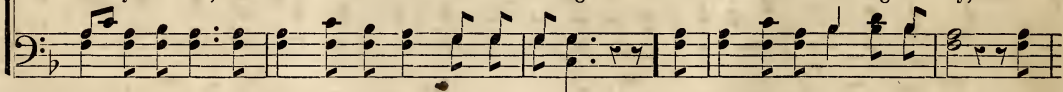


## CHORUS.

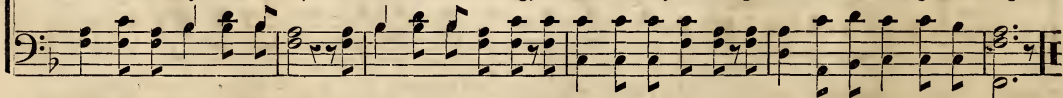


if you de-lay, 'T will sure-ly grow hard-er and bold-er.  
over your head, You'll hear of that cross with-out feel-ing.

The Sav-iour is call-ing to - day; He  
The Sav-iour is call-ing to - day, etc.



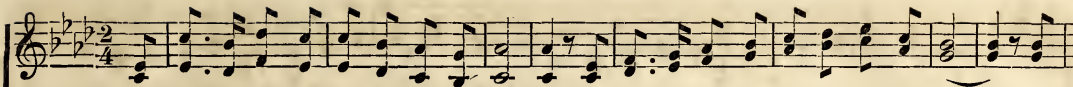
waits to receive you and save; Give heed to the warning, Ere life's sunny morning Be closed in the night of the grave.



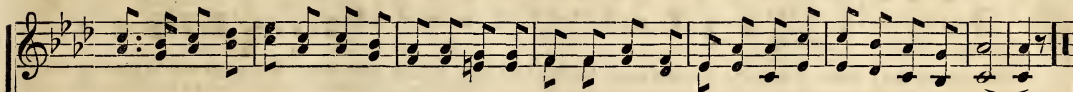
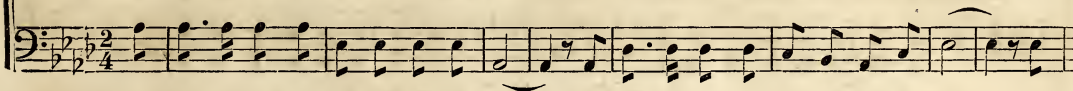
3. How many short graves in the graveyard you see,  
How many dear children there slumber;  
And few may the days of your pilgrimage be;  
No mortal can tell us their number.—CHO.

4. Then fly to the Saviour, dear children, to-day,  
While life's feeble taper is burning;  
The Spirit now strives; should you grieve him away,  
In vain may you wait his returning.—CHO.

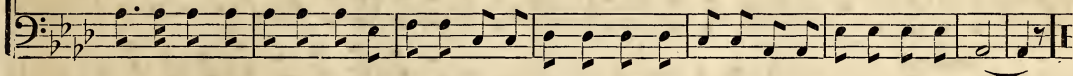
## While You're Young.



1. Oh wont you be a Christian While you're young? Oh wont you be a Christian While you're young? Don't



think it will be bet-ter To de-lay it un-til la-ter, But re-mem-ber your Creator While you're young.



2. ||: Oh wont you love the Saviour  
While you're young? ||:  
For you he left his glory  
And embraced a cross so gory;  
Wont you heed the melting story  
While you're young?

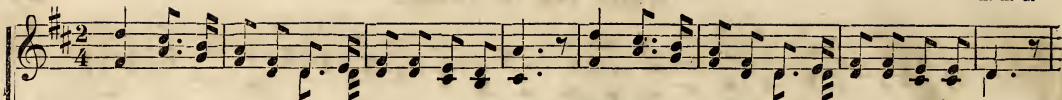
2. ||: Remember, death may find you  
While you're young: ||:  
For friends are often weeping,  
And the stars their watch are keeping  
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping  
Lie the young.

4. ||: Oh walk the path to glory  
While you're young; ||:  
And Jesus will befriend you,  
And from danger will defend you,  
And a peace divine will send you  
While you're young.

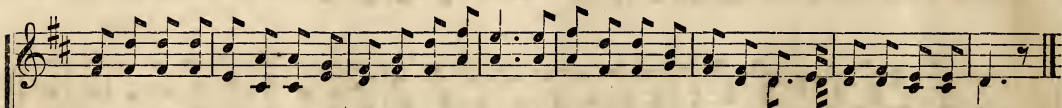
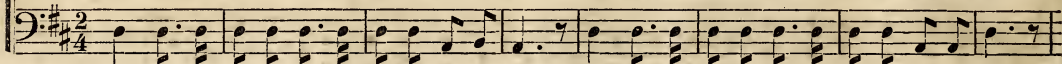
5. ||: Then wont you be a Christian  
While you're young? ||:  
Why from the future borrow,  
When, ere comes another morrow,  
You may weep in endless sorrow  
While you're young?

## This World's a Wilderness.

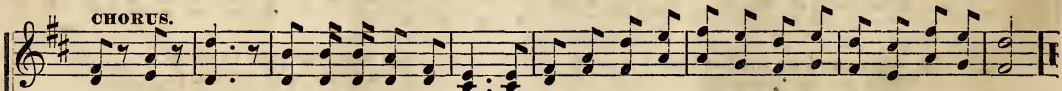
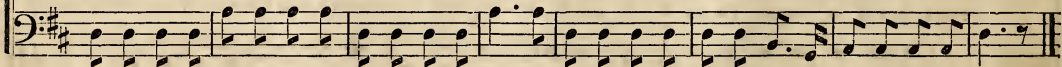
A. A. G.



1. This world's a wilderness, and dangers cluster round; There's not a traveller but treads enchanted ground:  
 2. But walk in wisdom's ways, and you shall happy be: Je - sus a ref-uge is, for ev-er safe and free.

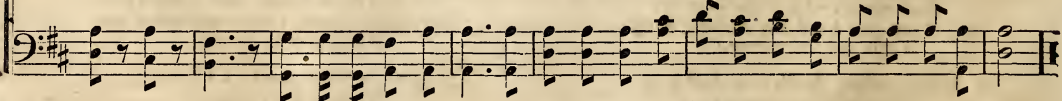


Oftentimes the scenes of woe the flowing tears invite, And joys depart, and sunny hours go out in gloomy night.  
 Let the storms of sorrow come, he'll bid the tempest cease, For wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.



## CHORUS.

Haste, haste, haste, haste to the world above; No sin is there, no grief or care, but all is joy and love.



3. How bright the world appears when viewed by youthful  
 How sweet its cups of bliss, how fair its promises; [eyes;  
 But 'tis false as well as fair, the world is but a cheat,  
 For ev'ry pleasure has its snare, a poison ev'ry sweet.
4. Turn, youthful traveller, nor seek your portion here,  
 Enter the path of life where all is true and fair: [fail,  
 Here are fruits that never cloy, and streams that never  
 Oh feed the soul with heav'nly food while in this tearful vale

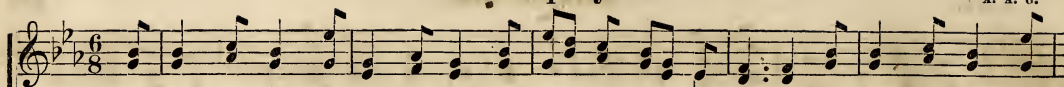
1. In thy child-hood's sun - ny morn - ing, Ere the e - - vil days draw nigh, Heed the Spir - it's  
 ten - der warn - ing; To the arms of Je - sus fly. Sin has lured thee and un-done thee,  
 But in Je - sus help is found; He will nev - er, nev - er shun thee, For his mer - cy knows no bound.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2. Let not earthly joys delight thee,<br/>         Leave them all, and count them loss;<br/>         Let not youthful follies fright thee,<br/>         Jesus bore them on the cross.<br/>         See the fountain ever flowing<br/>         For the guilty and defiled;<br/>         Thousands to that fount are going,<br/>         Do thou likewise while a child.</p> | <p>3. There are pleasures never fading<br/>         In the pathway of the wise;<br/>         And the weary pilgrim aiding,<br/>         Jesus every want supplies:<br/>         He is ever near and precious,<br/>         Heals the wounded, cheers the faint;<br/>         Taste and see how good and gracious<br/>         Jesus is to every saint.</p> | <p>4. Then in childhood's sunny morning,<br/>         Ere the heart is cold and hard,<br/>         From the downward pathway turning,<br/>         Mercy's tender call regard:<br/>         Ere the love of sin grows stronger,<br/>         Ere the sober thoughts depart,<br/>         Ere the Spirit strives no longer,<br/>         Youthful sinner, yield thy heart.</p> |
|---|--|---|



## The Inquiry.

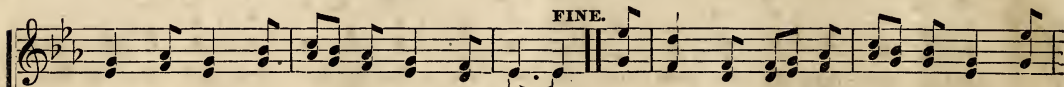
A. A. G.



1. How can I be a hap - py child Where waves of trou - ble roll, And drink of pleas - ures



Chorus. 'Tis found in Je - sus: yes 'twas he With blood the bless - ing bought: 'Twas dear to him, 'tis



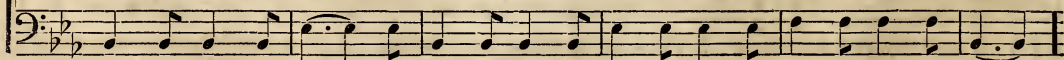
un - de - filed That sat - is - fy the soul? For all with - in and all a - round Is



free to me; It costs the sin - ner naught.



doomed to droop and die; Then where shall hap - pi - ness be found, And who the want sup - ply?



2. How can I be a holy child,  
And shun the downward road,  
Where Satan reigns and sin has spoiled  
The noblest work of God?  
How shall I tread enchanted ground,  
And keep my garments white;
- And where shall conquering grace be found,  
And armor for the fight?—Cho.  
3. How can I be a useful child,  
And feel for others' woes,
- And make the desert drear and wild  
To blossom as the rose?  
I'll pray and toil and do my part,  
And ne'er to slumber yield;  
But where's the strength to keep my  
From fainting on the field? [heart

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to

(For every verse.)

thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come; Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry

one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -

ry and worn and sad; I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul  
 revived,  
 And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;

Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my star, my sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done. BONAR.

37. 1. SOON as I heard my Father say,  
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"  
 My heart replied without delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's face."  
 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In each distressing day.
2. Should friends and kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God will make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.  
 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

WATTS.

### 38. Child of Grace.

1. How happy every child of grace,  
 Who knows his sins forgiven!  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven:  
 A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet Oh, by faith I see  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepared for me.
2. Oh what a blessed hope is ours!  
 While here on earth we stay,  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day:  
 We feel the resurrection near—  
 Our life in Christ concealed—  
 And with his glorious presence here  
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3. Oh, would he more of heaven bestow!  
 And when the vessels break,  
 Let our triumphant spirits go  
 To grasp the God we seek;  
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
 Who bought the sight for me,  
 And shout and wonder at his grace  
 To all eternity.

C. WESLEY

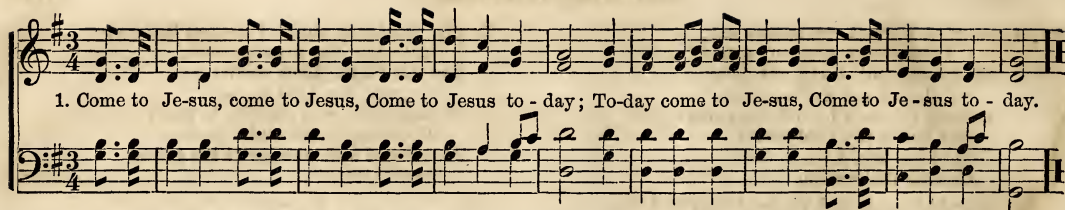
### 39. Christian Soldier.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb,  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?  
 Shall I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?
2. Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?  
 Sure I must fight if I would reign:  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.
3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar;  
 By faith they bring it nigh.  
 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.



## Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus to - day; To-day come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus to - day.

2. He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you to-day;  
To-day he will save you,  
He will save you to-day.

3. Don't reject him, don't reject him,  
Don't reject him to-day, etc.

4. He is ready, he is ready,  
He is ready to-day;  
To-day he is ready, etc.

5. Oh believe him, Oh believe him,  
Oh believe him to-day,  
To-day Oh believe him, etc.

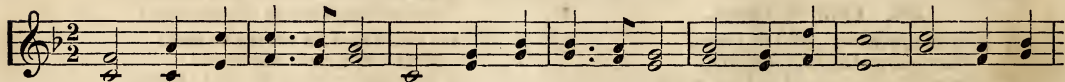
6. Do not tarry, do not tarry,  
Do not tarry to-day, etc.

7. Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen,  
Amen, hallelujah, etc.

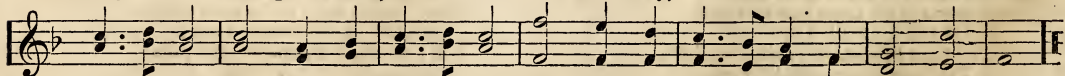
The words *just now* can be used for *to-day*.

## 41. Olivet. 6s &amp; 4s.

L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; Oh let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide:  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

PALMA

Soll.                      Tuttl.                      Soll.                      Tuttl.

1. Come, let us all u-nite to sing, God is love. Let heav'n and earth their praises bring; God is love. Let  
 2. Oh tell to earth's remotest bounds, God is love! In Christ we have redemption found; God is love. His

every soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And sing with us, for Jesus' sake, God is love.  
 blood has washed our sins away, His Spirit turned our night to day; And now we can rejoice to say, God is love.

3. How happy is our portion here!  
   God is love.  
 His promises our spirits cheer;  
   God is love.  
 He is our sun and shield by day,  
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;  
 He will be with us all the way:  
   God is love.

4. What though my heart and flesh should fail!  
   God is love.  
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail:  
   God is love.

Though Jordan swell I need not fear,  
 My Saviour will be with me there,  
 My head above the waves to bear;  
   God is love!

5. In Zion we shall sing again,  
   God is love.  
 Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,  
   God is love.  
 While endless ages roll along,  
 In concert with the heavenly throng,  
 This shall be still our sweetest song,  
   God is love.

## Happy Day. L. M.

♩ 3/2

1. { Pre-served by thine al-migh-ty power, O Lord, our Ma - ker, Sav-iour, King, }  
 { And bro't to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing. } Hap-py day, hap-py

— Hap-py day, hap-py

♩ 3/2

— Hap-py day, hap-py

FINE.

Al Segno ♩

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray That thou wouldst take our sins away:

day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,  
 For life preserved, for mercies given;  
 Oh may we still those mercies share,  
 And taste the joys of sins forgiven.—CHO.
3. And when on earth our days are done,  
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,  
 Teachers and scholars round thy throne,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.—CHO.

—◆—

#### 44. The Young Disciple.

1. OH happy day, that fixed my choice  
 On thee, my Saviour and my God;

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.  
 CHO.—Happy day, happy day! etc.

2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
 CHO.—Happy day, happy day! etc.

3. High heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.  
 CHO.—Happy day! etc.

DODDRIDGE.

1. I was a wan-dering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my  
Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my  
home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a--far to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole:  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice  
I love the peaceful fold.  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice;  
I love, I love his home. BONAR.



1. Dear Je - sus, ev - - er at my side, How lov - - ing must thou be,

To leave thy home in heaven to save A lit - - tle child like me.

2. Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.

3. But I have felt thee in my thought,  
Fighting with sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from thee.

4. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel  
down,  
Morning and night, to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me thou art there.

5. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too;  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

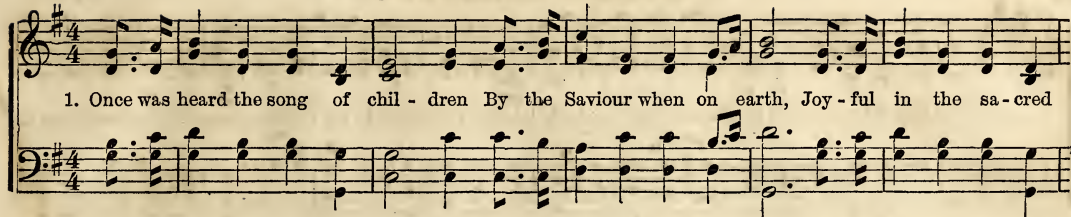
#### 47. The Shepherd's Care.

1. SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus,  
stands,  
And calls his sheep by name;  
Gathers the feeble in his arms,  
And feeds each tender lamb.

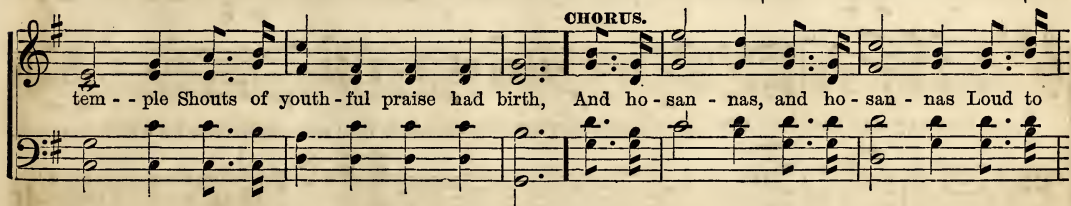
2. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams  
Where living waters flow;  
And guide us to the fruitful fields  
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3. When, wand'ring from the fold, we  
leave  
The straight and narrow way,  
Our faithful Shepherd still is near  
To guide us when we stray.

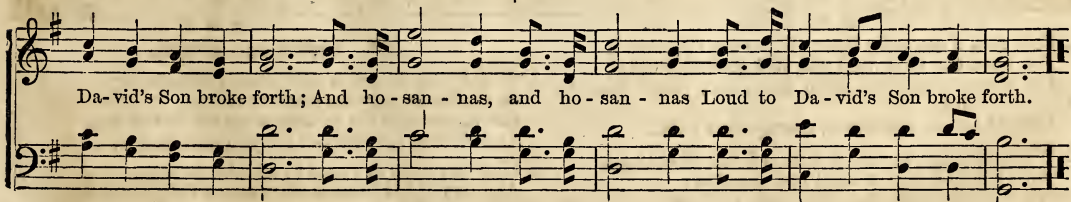
4. The feeblest lamb amid the flock  
Shall be the Shepherd's care;  
While folded in our Saviour's arms,  
We're safe from every snare.



1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren By the Saviour when on earth, Joy - ful in the sa - cred



CHORUS.  
tem - - ple Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth, And ho - san - nas, and ho - san - nas Loud to



Da - vid's Son broke forth; And ho - san - nas, and ho - san - nas Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

2. Palms of victory strown around him,  
Garments spread beneath his feet,  
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him  
In fair Salem's crowded street,  
||: While hosannas: ||  
From the lips of children greet.

3. Blesséd Saviour, now triumphant,  
Glorified and throned on high!  
Mortal lays from man or infant  
Vain to tell thy praise may try;  
||: But hosannas: ||  
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4. God o'er all, in heaven reigning,  
We this day thy glory sing; [ing—  
Not with palms thy pathway strew—  
We would loftier tribute bring—  
||: Glad hosannas: ||  
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word : What more can he

say than to you he hath said, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2. Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
 stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes:  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake. KIRKHAM.

### 50. Christ our Friend.

1. How loving is Jesus who came from the sky,  
 In tenderest pity for sinners to die;  
 His hands and his feet were nailed to the tree,  
 And all this he suffered for you and for me.
2. How precious is Jesus to all who believe,  
 And out of his fulness what grace they receive:  
 When weak he supports them, when erring he guides  
 And every thing needful he kindly provides.
3. Oh give then to Jesus your earliest days;  
 They only are blessed who walk in his ways:  
 In life and in death he will still be your Friend,  
 For whom Jesus loveth, he loves to the end.

1. There is a Rose whose beau-ties grace The gar - den where it grows; In low - ly hearts it  
 2. Unchanged by time, it nev - er dies, Its beau-ties ne'er de - part; And not a thorn this

CHORUS.  
 finds a place, 'Tis Shar - on's love - ly Rose. Beau - ti - ful Rose, beau - ti - ful Rose,  
 Rose sup-plies, To pierce its home, the heart. Beau - ti - ful Rose, beau - ti - ful Rose, etc.

Rose of Shar - on, beau - ti - - ful Rose, Rose of Shar - on, beau - ti - ful Rose.

3. Though in this wilderness forlorn  
 This lovely Rose is found,  
 Before the morning stars were born  
 It bloomed on heavenly ground.
4. Its fragrance filled the heavenly  
 And all the sons of earth [plains,  
 May prove the virtues it contains,  
 And sing its wondrous worth.
5. In regions parched by burning he  
 Or chilled by polar snows,  
 The Rose of Sharon we may meet,  
 For Jesus is that Rose.—CHO.



## The Good Ship Zion.

A. A. G.

1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love ;  
 With a swelling sail we onward sweep ;

Tho' the rude winds blow, there is

CHORUS.

One who rules above, Who will guard the weary sailor on the deep. In the good ship Zion we are tossing on the tide, But the

wild dark tempest soon shall cease ; All the danger over, she will safe at anchor ride In the port of everlasting peace.

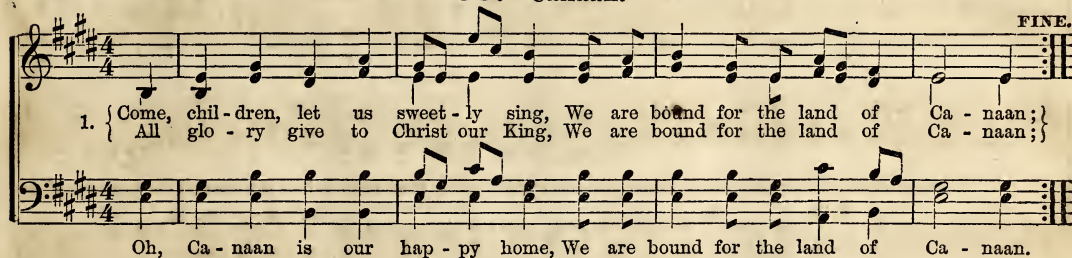
2. Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm,  
 Though the breakers roar upon the lee;  
 'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm,  
 And he'll steer the good ship Zion o'er the sea. —CHO.
3. Tho' for ages past she has ploughed the stormy main,  
 She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;  
 Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fearful hurricane,  
 She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore.

4. Ho, ye youthful souls, there is danger in your path,  
By the chart of folly you're misled:  
There are rocks beneath, and above a storm of wrath,  
And the breakers of destruction are ahead.—CHO.

5. We are homeward bound; wont you join our happy  
Come aboard, poor sinner, while you may: [crew?  
To the eye of faith there's the better land in view;  
'T is the land that shines with never-ending day.—CHO.

## 53. Canaan.

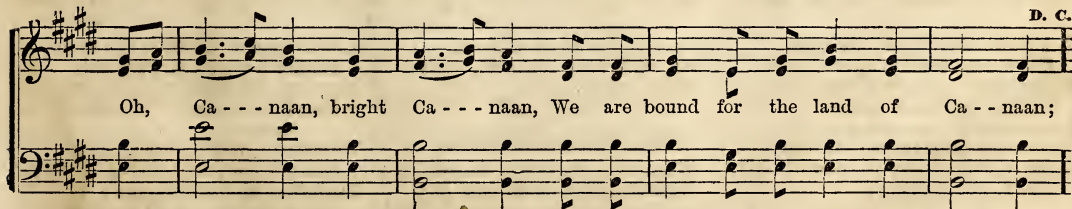
**FINE.**



1. { Come, chil-dren, let us sweet-ly sing, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan; }  
All glo-ry give to Christ our King, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan; }

Oh, Ca-naan is our hap-py home, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan.

**D. C.**



Oh, Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan;

2. Happy are all good children here, 3. Come then and join our happy band, 4. Then louder still our songs shall rise,  
They are bound for the land of Ca-naan; We are bound for the land of Ca-naan; We are bound for the land of Ca-naan—  
And soon they'll be as angels are, To ever dwell at Christ's right hand, When we are far beyond the skies;  
They are bound for the land, etc. We are bound for the land, etc. We are bound for the land, etc.

1. Hap-py an-gels, still you dwell In yon worlds of glo - ry, And in joyous anthems swell Love's redeeming sto -

ry. Shining multitudes, ye came Our Redeemer to proclaim; Still your song is just the same: Glory, glory, glory!

2. Angels, sing again with man,  
Swell our strain of glory;  
Shout with us the wondrous plan,  
Love's redeeming story;  
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,  
Soon shall drop the mortal veil;  
Then in strains like yours we'll hail,  
Glory, glory, glory!

3. Christ our Lord the theme, the song,  
Then no more the stranger  
Welcomed by the shining throng  
In lone Beth'lem's manger:  
Robed in peerless majesty,

Soon our eyes shall also see;  
Then we'll cry, "'Tis he, 'tis he!  
Glory, glory, glory!"

### 55. Millennial Dawn.

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star.  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course por-  
tends.

Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller, ages' are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come!

BOWRING.

## 56. Christ our Refuge.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

WESLEY.

## 57. Value of the Bible.

1. HOLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to teach me what I am;  
Mine to chide me when I rove,  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine thou art to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

2. Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death;  
Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom:  
Oh thou precious book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

## 58. Pilgrim's Song.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.  
Ye are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

2. Shout, ye little flock and blest;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:  
There your seat is now prepared—  
There your kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee. CENNICK.

## 59. Songs of Praise.

1. SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.  
Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.

2. Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No, the church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.  
Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amid eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.



## The Good Shepherd. 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

A. A. G.

1. Once I wan - dered on the mountain, In the paths by sin - ners trod, Heed - ed not the  
 2. In this vale of tears and sad - ness, He's my Shep - herd, ev - er near, Turn - ing all my

flow - ing fount - ain, Tri - fled with a - ton - ing blood; But the Shep - herd kind - ly sought me,  
 grief to glad - ness, When on him I cast my care. Tho' a fa - ther may for - sake me,

Guilt - y, wretched, and unclean, Pardoned all my sin, and bro't me To his pastures fresh and green.  
 And a moth - er sink to rest, Ten - der Shep - herd, he will take me, Pierced by sor - row, to his breast.

3. Strong temptations may beset me. And the sunshine of his favor  
 Snares my pathway may bestrew, Cheers my fainting, struggling soul.  
 But he never will forget me,  
 He will guard and guide me too. 4. When the shades of death o'er-  
 He observes each poor endeavor spread me,  
 To escape from sin's control, And the streams of life congeal,

Faithful Shepherd, do thou lead me  
 Safely through the silent vale:  
 When I lay aside the mortal,  
 Immortality to prove,  
 Bear me through the heavenly portal,  
 Place me in thy fold above.

### 61. Sweetly Sing.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

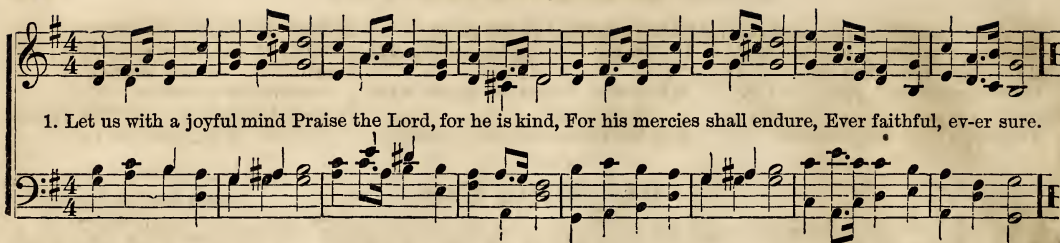
1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;

Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; ||: Raise your songs, :|| Now with thankful tongues.

2. Angels bright, angels bright,  
 Robed in garments pure and white,  
 Chant his praise, chant his praise,  
 In melodious lays.  
 But from that bright, happy throng  
 Ne'er can come this sweetest song,  
 "Redeeming love, redeeming love  
 Brought us here above."

3. Far away, far away,  
 We in sin's dark valley lay;  
 Jesus came, Jesus came,  
 Blessed be his name!  
 He redeemed us by his grace,  
 Then prepared in heaven a place  
 To receive, to receive  
 All who will believe.

4. Now we know, now we know  
 We from earth must shortly go;  
 Soon the call, soon the call  
 Comes to one and all.  
 Saviour, when our time shall come,  
 Take us to our heavenly home;  
 There we'll raise notes of praise,  
 Through unending days.



1. Let us with a joyful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind, For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ev-er sure.

2. Children, come, extol his might,  
Join with saints and angels bright;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. All our wants he doth supply,  
Loves to hear our humble cry;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. He of old our fathers blessed,  
Led them to the land of rest;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. His own Son he sent to die,  
Us to raise to joys on high;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6. Let us then with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

### 63. Birth of the Saviour.

1. HARK, the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

2. Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity;  
Pleased as man with men t' appear—  
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace;  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.

5. Mild he lay his glory by—  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth.

### 64. Jubilee of the World.

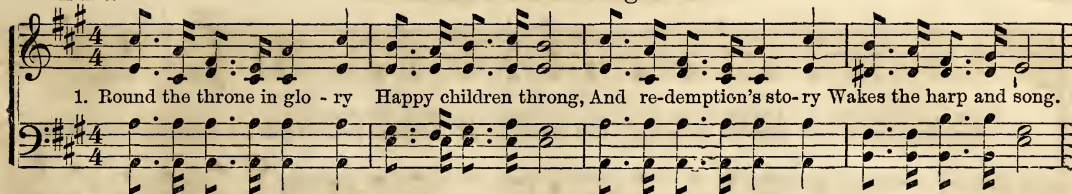
1. HARK, the song of jubilee!  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore:

2. Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

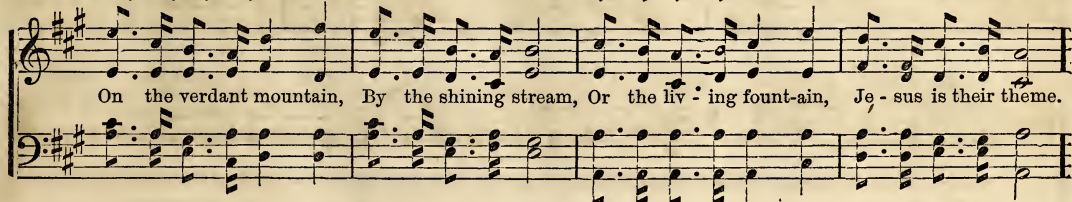
3. See Jehovah's banner furled, [done;  
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks: 'tis  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

4. He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway:  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.

5. Then the end: beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

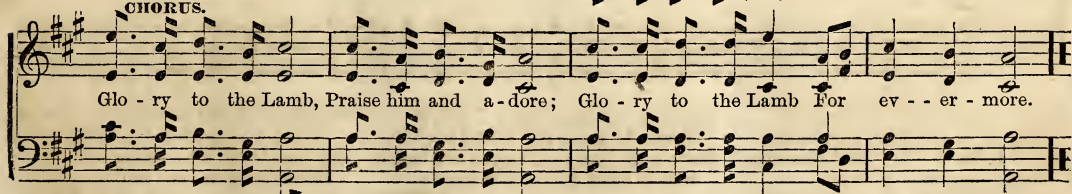


1. Round the throne in glo - ry Happy children throng, And re - demp - tion's sto - ry Wakes the harp and song.



On the verdant mountain, By the shining stream, Or the liv - ing fount - ain, Je - sus is their theme.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to the Lamb, Praise him and a - dore; Glo - ry to the Lamb For ev - er - more.

2. Robes of snowy whiteness,  
Beautiful and rare;  
Crowns of radiant brightness,  
Such those children wear:  
Safe from death's bereavement,  
Sorrow and the grave,  
Free from sin's enslavement  
Vict'ry's palm they wave.—CHO.

3. Now the skilful fingers  
Sweep the golden lyre;  
Not a harper lingers  
In that ransomed choir;  
Voices sweetly blending  
With the tuneful string,  
To the throne ascending,  
Praise the heavenly King.—CHO.

4. Children now sojourning  
In a world of sin,  
From your follies turning,  
Strive to enter in:  
Let your young affections  
Round the Saviour twine;  
And 'mid heaven's attractions  
You shall sing and shine.—CHO.



1. { Come, thou Fount of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise : } Teach me some me - lo-dious

sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

3. Oh to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering soul to thee:

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart—Oh take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

### 67. Friend Ever Near.

1. ONE there is above all others  
 Well deserves the name of Friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God.

2. When he lived on earth abased,  
 "Friend of sinners" was his name;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love.  
 We, alas, forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above.

NEWTON.

## 68. Sinners Entreated.

*FOUNT, omitting the repeat.*

1. SINNERS, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, Oh how tender!  
Every line is full of love:  
Listen to it;  
Every line is full of love.
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,  
Free forgiveness in his name:"  
How important!  
Free forgiveness in his name!

3. Oh, ye angels hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay:  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey. *ALLEN.*

## 69. Pilgrim's Guide.

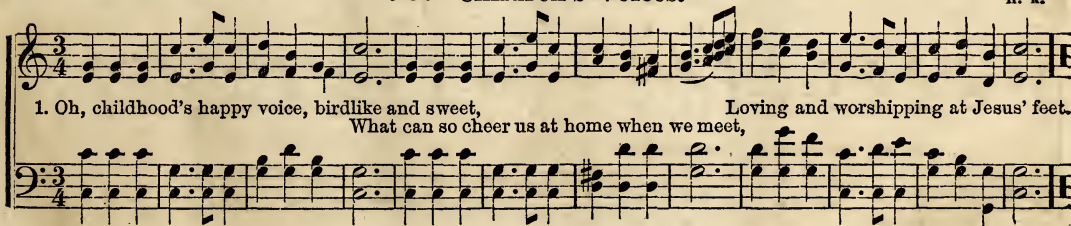
*FOUNT, omitting the repeat.*

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;

- Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open, Lord, the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee. *ROBINSON.*

## 70. Children's Voices.

H. K.



1. Oh, childhood's happy voice, birdlike and sweet,  
What can so cheer us at home when we meet,  
Loving and worshipping at Jesus' feet.
2. Children's hosannas were sweet to his ear,  
Who, now enthroned above, still bends to hear  
Songs and hosannas from little ones here.
3. Lo, where their Sabbath-school melodies ring,  
List'ning and hovering on viewless wing,  
Angels beholding the face of their King.
4. Saviour, blest Saviour, prepare by thy love  
All the dear children to praise thee above,  
Warbling for ever in heaven's happy grove.
5. Let us on earth begin heaven's long employ,  
Soothing the sorrows our souls that annoy,  
Singing each day with an ever new joy.

1. Je - sus, how can I but love thee, Je - sus, so lov - ing and mild! How can thy cross fail to  
 2. There in the day of thy an - guish, Mock'd by the guilt - y a - round, There didst thou suf - fer and

CHORUS.  
 move me? There didst thou die for a child. Love of the heart, praise of the tongue,  
 lan - guish, Bleed - ing from ma - ny a wound. Love of the heart, praise of the tongue, etc.

Je - sus my Sav - iour de - serves from the young, Je - sus my Sav - iour de - serves from the young.

3. Where are the friends that clung to thee?  
 Thee they would never disown!  
 Now from a distance they view thee  
 Treading the wine-press alone.  
 Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.
4. Help me, my Saviour, to love thee  
 Though thy dear name is reviled;  
 Then at thy bar I shall prove thee  
 Saviour and Friend of thy child.  
 Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.
5. In that dear cross would I glory  
 Which the proud world may de-  
 spise,  
 And let the wonderful story  
 Tune my sweet harp in the skies.  
 Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.

# We Wont Give Up the Bible.

72

1. We wont give up the Bi-ble, God's ho-ly book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early

youth, The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er eve-ry drea-ry road, The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads us home to God.

## CHORUS.

We wont give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, ||: The guide of early youth.:||

2. We wont give up the Bible,  
For it alone can tell  
The way to save our ruined souls  
From perishing in hell.  
And it alone can tell us how  
We can have hopes of heaven,

That through the Saviour's precious  
blood  
Our sins may be forgiven.—CHO.  
3. We wont give up the Bible,  
We'll shout it far and wide,

Until the echo shall be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide;  
Till all shall know that we, tho' young,  
Withstand each treach'rous art,  
And that from God's own sacred word  
We'll never, never part.—CHO.

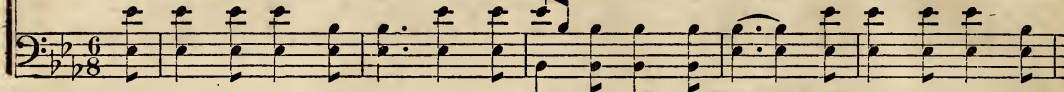
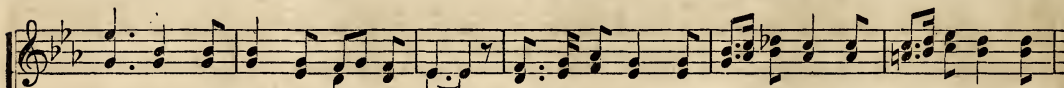


## The Pearl that Worldlings Covet.

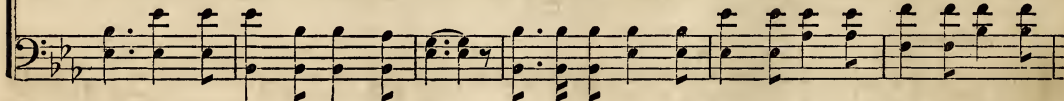
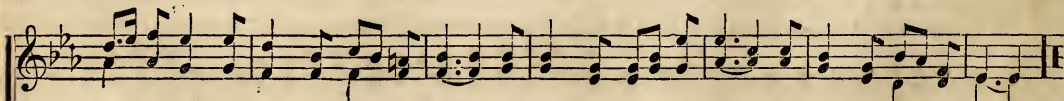
H. K.



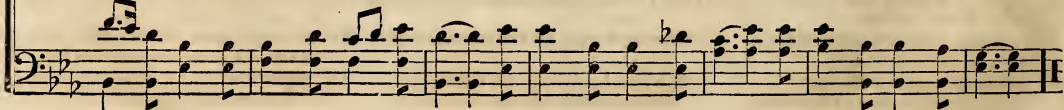
1. The pearl that worldlings cov - et Is not the pearl for me; Its beau - ty fades as  
 2. The crown that decks the mon - arch Is not the crown for me; It daz - zles but a

quick-ly As sun-shine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis called the pearl of  
 mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown pre - pared a - bove For all who walk in

great-est price, Tho' few its val - ue see: Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me!  
 hum - ble love; For ev - er bright 'twill be: Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the crown for me!



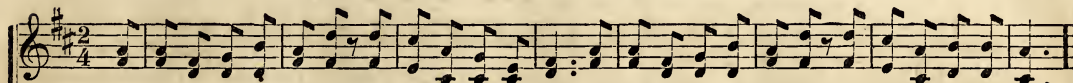
3. The road that many travel  
Is not the road for me;  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
In it I would not be.  
But there's a road that leads to  
God,

'Tis marked by Christ's most pre-  
cious blood,  
The passage here is free:  
Oh, that's the road for me!  
4. The hope that sinners cherish  
Is not the hope for me;

Most surely will they perish,  
Unless from sin made free;  
But there's a hope which rests in God  
And leads the soul to keep his word  
And sinful pleasures flee:  
Oh, that's the hope for me!

### 74. Have Courage to do Right.

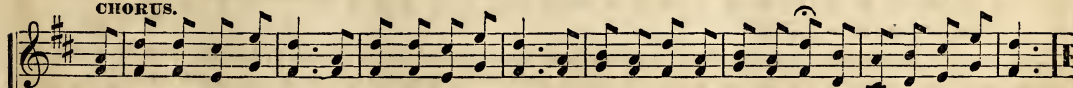
A. A. G.



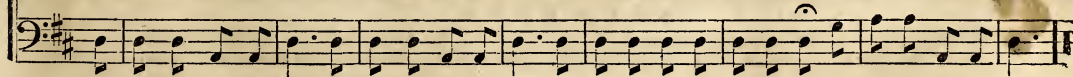
1. If you would find salvation, And taste its joys below, Don't parley with temptation, But promptly answer, No!  
2. If lured by sinful pleasure, Look upward and resist; For sorrow without measure Shall rend the guilty breast.



#### CHORUS.



Have courage to do right, Have courage to do right; The world may sneer, but never fear, Have courage to do right.



3. If sinners should revile you,  
With patience bear the cross;  
Their aim is to defile you,  
And glory in your loss.—CHO.

4. The world will strive to charm you,  
And Satan hurl the dart;  
But who or what can harm you  
While Jesus guards the heart?

5. Stand up then for the truthful,  
Stand up then for the pure;  
Let courage nerve the youthful  
The conflict to endure.—CHO.

## The Sunday-School Army.

1. Oh do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your friend; Oh do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your

friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end.

**CHORUS.** Repeat from *F* to Fine.

I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win;  
Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win;  
For the Saviour is your Captain,  
For the Saviour is your Captain,  
And he has vanquished sin.

3. And when the conflict's over,  
Before him you shall stand;  
And when the conflict's over,  
Before him you shall stand;  
You shall sing his praise for ever,  
You shall sing his praise for ever,  
In Canaan's happy land.

1. Be the matter what it may, Always speak the truth; Whether work, or whether play, Always speak the truth.  
 2. There's a charm in verity—Always speak the truth; But there's meanness in a lie— Always speak the truth.

Never from this rule depart, Grave it deeply on your heart; Written 'tis in Virtue's chart: Always speak the truth.  
 He is but a coward slave Who, a present pain to waive, Stoops to falsehood: then be brave, Always speak the truth.

3. Falsehood seldom stands alone—  
 Always speak the truth;  
 One begets another one—  
 Always speak the truth.  
 Falsehood all the soul degrades,  
 'Tis a sin from which proceed  
 Greater sins and darker deeds;  
 Always speak the truth.

He who speaks with lying tongue  
 Adds to wrong a greater wrong;  
 Then with courage true and strong  
 Always speak the truth.

Like the lark upon the wing,  
 Like the warbling bird of spring,  
 Like the crystal spheres that ring,  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise.

4. When you 're wrong the folly own;  
 Always speak the truth:  
 Here's a victory to be won;  
 Always speak the truth.

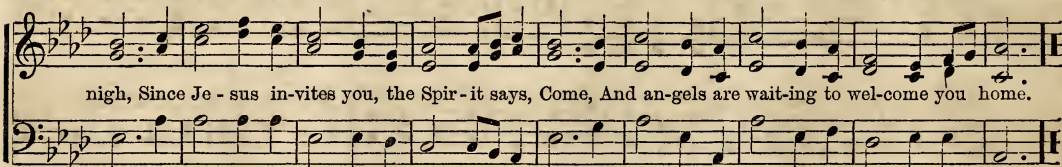
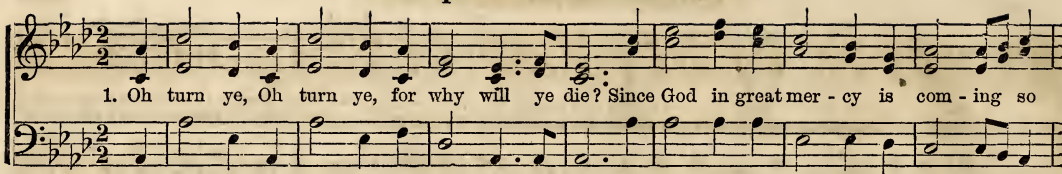
1. Would you be as angels are?  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;  
 Would you banish every care?  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;

2. If the world upon you frown,  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;  
 If you're left to sing alone,  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;  
 If sad trials come to you,  
 As to every one they do,  
 For that they are blessings too  
 Sing, Oh sing his praise.

### 77. Sing His Praise.



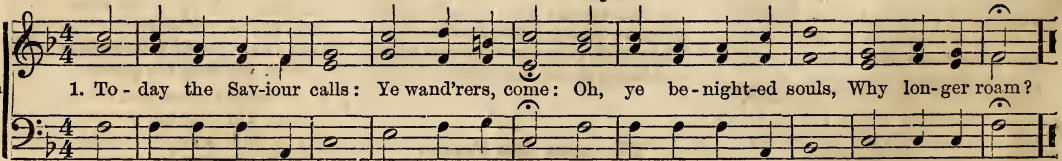
## Expostulation. 11s.



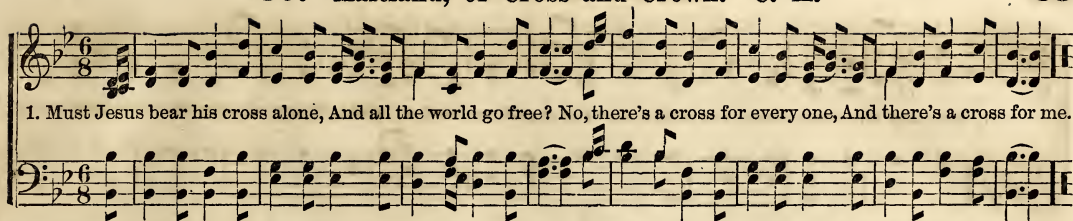
2. How vain the delusion that, while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away:  
Come wretched, come guilty, come just as you are;  
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
3. The contrite in heart he will freely receive;  
Oh why will you not the glad message believe?  
If sin be your burden, Oh, will you not come?  
'Tis he makes you welcome; he bids you come home.

## 79. "To-Day."

L. MASON.



2. To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls,  
Ruin is nigh.
3. To-day the Saviour calls.  
Oh listen now:  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
4. The Spirit calls to-day;  
Yield to his power;  
Oh grieve him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.



1. Must Jesus bear his cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,  
Who' once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me. ALLEN.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do. WATTS.

### 81. Grateful Love to Christ.

1. ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groined upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness  
hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Saviour died  
For man, the rebel's, sin.

### 82. Christ our Refuge.

1. THE Saviour! Oh what endless  
charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2. Oh the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more.

3. On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall—  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour and my All.

### 83. Brotherly Love.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the  
sight,

When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfil his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and  
pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

4. Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet and dear esteem  
In every action glow.

5. Love is the golden chain, that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds  
His bosom glow with love. SWAIN.

1. Faith-ful Shepherd, meek and mild, To thy pas-tures lead a child, Where the ten-der ver-dure grows,

Where the peace-ful streamlet flows, Where thy flock, from danger free, Hear thy voice, and fol - low thee.

2. There, beneath thy watchful eye,  
They are safe, though danger's nigh;  
There, enfolded in thy arms,  
They can smile at rude alarms;  
Though a host their way oppose,  
Thou wilt save them from their foes.

4. Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild,  
To thy pastures lead a child;  
Weak and helpless, Lord, I am,  
Gather in a wand'ring lamb;  
Lest from thee I further stray,  
Take me to thy fold, I pray.

2. They are justified by grace,  
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great  
day:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

3. When the vale of grief they tread,  
Thou dost mark the tears they  
shed;  
By their side in pity stand,  
Dry the tear with tender hand;  
Gently quell the rising fear,  
Make it sweet to suffer there.

### 85. Pilgrim's Song.

1. BLESSED are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
They are ransomed from the grave;  
Life eternal they shall have:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

3. They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of a heavenly birth;  
One with God, with Jesus one;  
Glory is in them begun:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

HUMPHRIES.



1. Oh why do I find it so hard to do right? The good are the happy, I know; And why should I ever in  
 2. I never did wrong but a something within Admonish'd and blamed me the while; I never did right but that

sin take delight, When sin is the par-ent of woe? I van-i-ty love, and I fol-ly pur-sue, I  
 something a-gain Approved and al-lured by its smile. I'm not in a re-gion of hea-thenish night, Then

yield me to passion's con-trol, My wishes are faint and my struggles are few For that which can solace the soul.  
 why to the sin-ful be-long? I know it is bet-ter by far to do right, Then why do I fol-low the wrong?

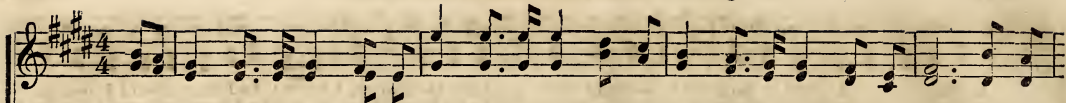
3. I dwell in the midst of pollution and crime,  
 And all is disorder within;  
 I'm lured by the glittering baubles of time,  
 A captive to Satan and sin.  
 Thus helpless and hopeless, dear Saviour, I cry  
 For purity, pardon, and peace;  
 Oh let me no more in captivity lie,  
 But grant me a happy release.

4. I question no longer thy power to redeem,  
 My soul on thy merit depends;  
 I see in the cross, with its red flowing stream,  
 The fountain to save and to cleanse:  
 Renewed by thy grace, I will walk in the light,  
 While others to darkness belong;  
 Oh then 't will be easy to follow the right,  
 And easy to turn from the wrong.

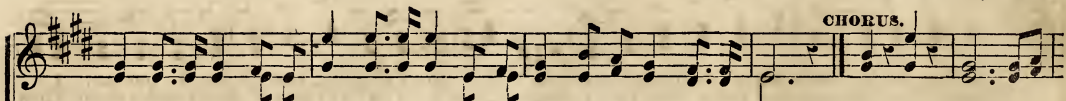
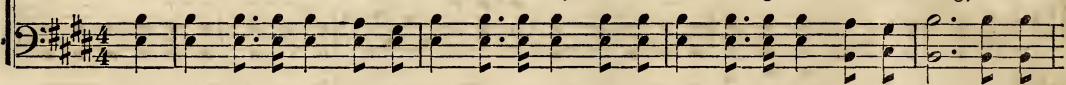


## There's a Crown for the Young.

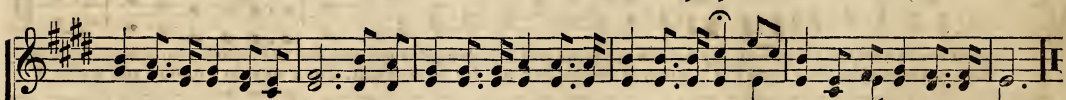
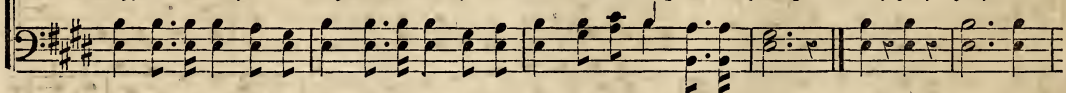
A. A. G.



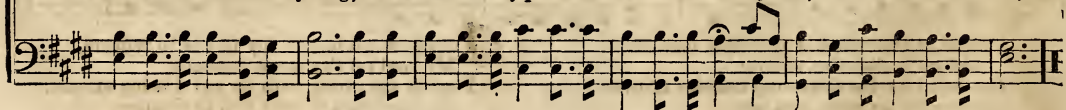
1. I know there's a crown for the saints of renown, And for saints whose good deeds are unsung; But Oh



say, is it true, if their days are but few, That a crown is laid up for the young? Yes, yes, yes, I



know there's a crown for the young; If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love, I know there's a crown, etc.



2. The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,  
And the song of salvation shall sing;  
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise  
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.—*Чѣо.*

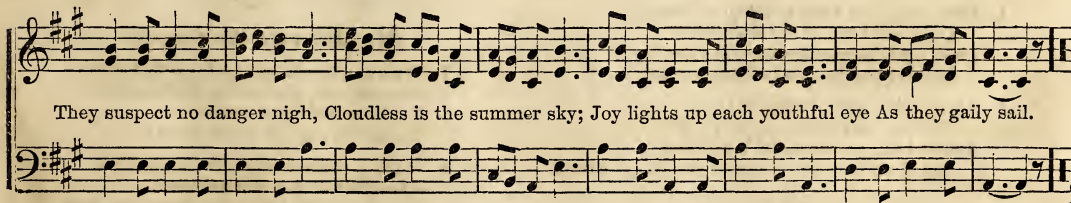
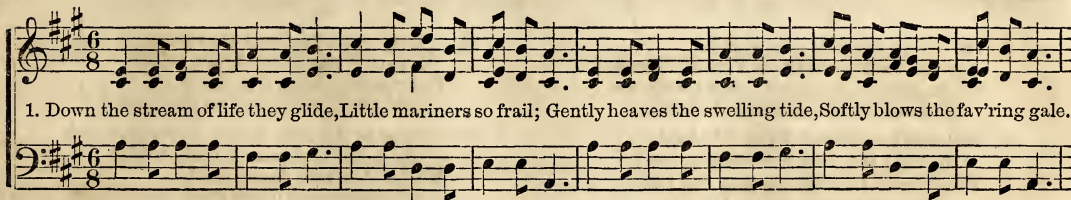
3. The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,  
Both the man and the youth and the child,  
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust  
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.—*Чѣо.*

4. The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,  
Is more precious than tongue can express;  
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed,  
It shall shine in the region of bliss.—CHO.

5. Then be it your care for that world to prepare;  
Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;  
Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,  
For the crown is for him who endures.—CHO.

### 88. Youthful Mariners.

A. A. G.

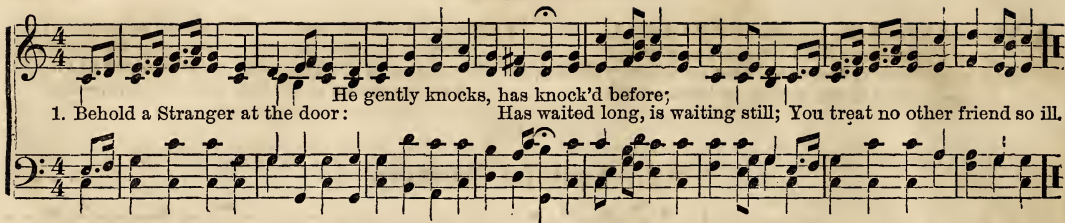


2. But the angry storm may blow,  
And the smiling heavens grow dark;  
And the hidden rocks below  
Rudely tear the trembling bark;  
Oft upon the listening ear  
Falls the shriek of wild despair,

From the shipwrecked mariner  
In his shattered bark.

3  
Heavenly Pilot, be our guide,  
Youthful mariners defend;

O'er the winds and waves preside,  
In the dangerous hour befriend;  
Thou who bad'st the tempest cease,  
And from peril didst release,  
Guide them to the port of peace,  
Where their fears shall end.



1. Behold a Stranger at the door: He gently knocks, has knock'd before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh lovely attitude—he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands!  
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
3. But will he prove a Friend indeed?  
He will: the very Friend you need:  
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.
2. "They shall find rest that learn of me:  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light." WATTS.

GREGG

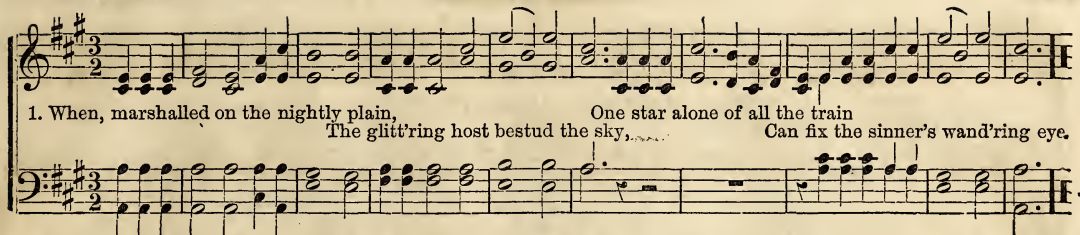
## 90. Sinners Entreated.

1. "COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.

## 91. Joy over the Convert.

1. Who can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies;
3. The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

WATTS.



2. Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode—  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

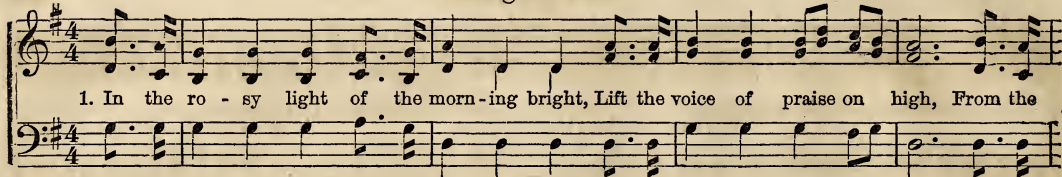
## 93. Christ our Refuge.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

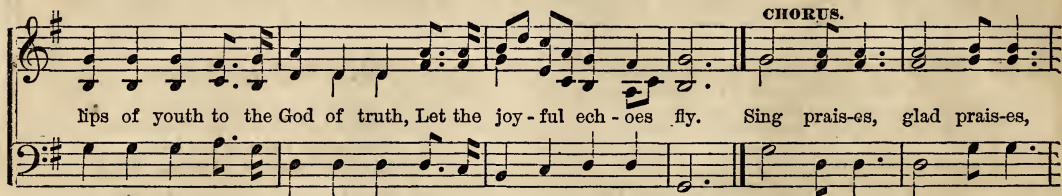
WATTS.

—♦—  
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

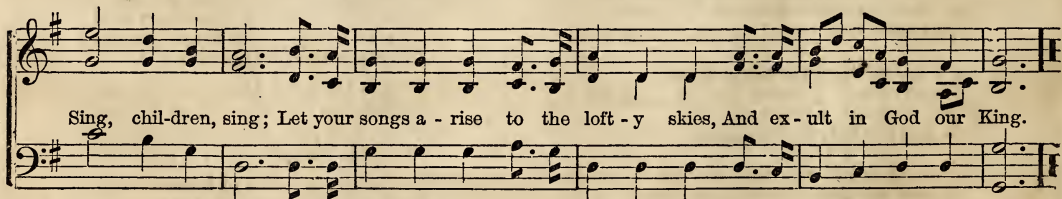




1. In the ro - sy light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high, From the



CHORUS.  
lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly. Sing prais-es, glad prais-es,



Sing, chil-dren, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

2. As he looked in love from the world above,  
Our distresses filled his eye;  
And a world to save, his Son he gave  
On the bloody tree to die.—CHO.

3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled  
To deliver us from woe,  
Has endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;  
Let his praise for ever flow.—CHO.

4. Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky,  
He delights in mercy still;  
Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear,  
And our longing souls to fill.—CHO.

5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,  
But he loves the children best;  
To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,  
And secure his promised rest.—CHO.

1. Far from the fold of Je-sus, I, a wayward child, Like a straying lamb, had wandered Into deserts wild;

But the Gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by his charms; Safe away from danger bro't me, In his loving arms.

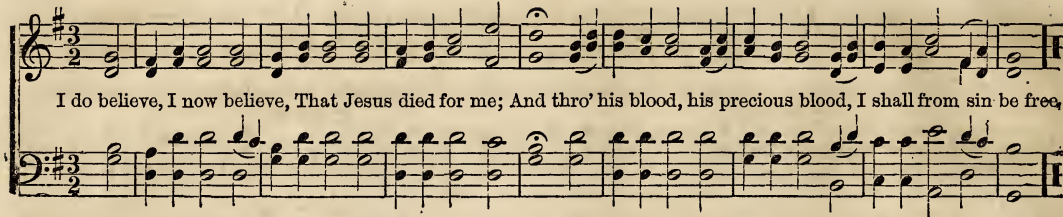
## CHORUS.

Praise Jesus, Gentle Shepherd, Saviour, loving, mild; Je-sus' name is sweetest music To the Christian child.

2. To his bosom close he pressed me, All the night my rest is peaceful,  
 Pardoned all my sin, Guarded from above.  
 Led me by the stillest waters, CHO.—Praise Jesus, etc.  
 Into pastures green.  
 Now all day I'm glad and joyful,  
 Happy in his love;

3. Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,  
 He shall be my Guide;

No allurements shall entice me  
 From my Shepherd's side.  
 By and by, from earth's temptations,  
 He will give me rest,  
 And in heaven's greener pastures  
 Make me ever blest.—CHO.



## 96. The Name of Jesus.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear; [wounds,  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
And drives away his fear.

### CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me; [blood,  
And through his blood, his precious  
I shall from sin be free.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3. By him my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc. NEWTON.

## 97. The Sunday-school.

1. THE Sunday-school, that blessed  
place,  
Oh, I would rather stay  
Within its walls, a child of grace,  
Than spend my hours in play.

### CHORUS.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-  
school,  
Oh, 't is the place I love;  
For there I learn the golden rule,  
And sing of joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died  
For sinners such as I;  
Oh what has all this world beside  
That I should prize so high?  
CHO.—The Sunday-school, etc.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,  
And songs of praise be given  
To Him who dwells above the skies,  
For such a blessing given.  
CHO.—The Sunday-school, etc.

4. And welcome then the Sunday-  
school;  
We'll read and sing and pray,  
And learn by heart the golden rule,  
And never from it stray.  
CHO.—The Sunday-school, etc.

## 98. Faith.

1. FAITH is a very simple thing,  
Though little understood;  
It frees the soul from death's dread  
sting,  
By resting in Christ's blood.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc.

2. It sees, upon the throne of God,  
A victim that was slain;  
It rests its all on his shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again."

3. What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea;  
It neither rests on *sinful* self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.

4. The perfect One that died for me,  
Draws near his Father's throne,  
Presents our names before our God,  
And pleads himself alone.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc.

### 99. Home of the Blest.

1. Oh happy land, Oh happy land,  
Where saints and angels dwell;  
We long to join that glorious band,  
And all their anthems swell.

#### CHORUS.

Oh heaven dear, the happy home  
Of all the pure and blest;  
I long to share thy mansions fair,  
And be with Christ at rest.

2. But every voice in yonder throng  
On earth has breathed a prayer;  
No lips untaught may join that song,  
Or learn the music there.

3. Thou heavenly Friend, thou heav-  
enly Friend,  
Oh hear us when we pray:  
Now let thy pardoning grace descend,  
And take our sins away.

4. Be all our fresh, our youthful days  
To thy blest service given;  
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,  
A ransomed band in heaven.—CHO.

### 100. The Fountain for Sinners.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that  
flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

#### CHORUS.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee, alone on thee;  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;  
Thine all the glory be.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious  
blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the  
stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

CHO.—Our sorrows, etc. COWPER.

### 101. Full Salvation.

1. FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died.

#### CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me; [blood,  
And through his blood, his precious  
I shall from sin be free.

2. My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc.

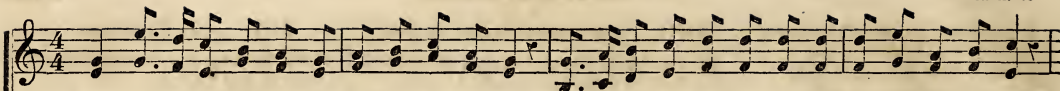
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine  
own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my head, my heart.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc.

4. The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.  
CHO.—I do believe, etc.

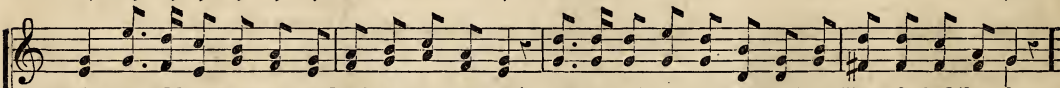
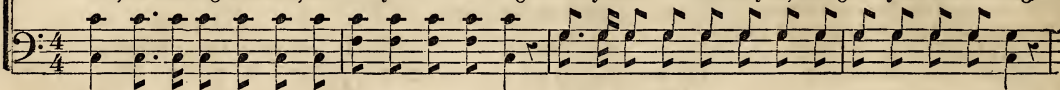
#### Chorus.

OUR sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee, alone on thee;  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;  
Thine all the glory be.

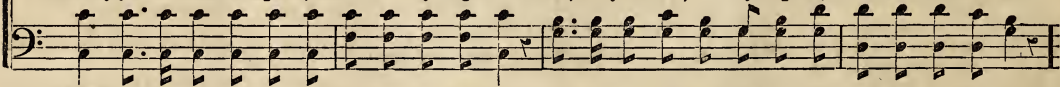




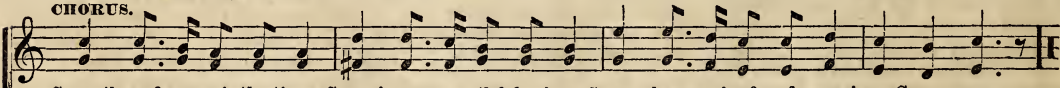
1. Come to the Sabbath-school, we really wish you would: Wont you come and join a class? we'll surely do you good.  
 2. Hark, 'tis the sig-nal bell; so wont you come a-long? Gladly will we welcome you, and greet you with a song.



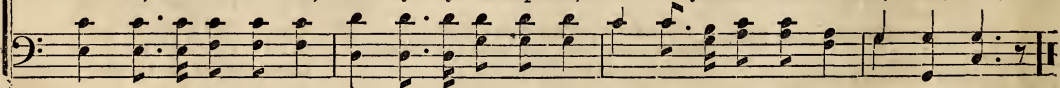
Bright eyes and happy hearts, and voices sweet and clear. Just walk in and look around, you'll surely find them here.  
 Don't say your clothes are poor; I'm sure they might be worse, Be you rich, or be you poor, it matters not to us.



## CHORUS.



Come then, for now's the time; Come in your youthful prime, Come when you're free from crime; Come, come, come.



3. List to the voice within; it gently whispers, "Go:"  
 That which makes you hesitate most surely is your foe;  
 Make now the wise resolve, and firmly say, "I will;"  
 Then you'll overcome the foe, and peace your heart shall fill.—CHO.
4. Come then to Sabbath-school; there's nothing there to fear;  
 [hear:  
 There are pleasant works to do, and pleasant words to  
 There do we learn the way how sin may be forgiven;  
 There we train for usefulness, and there we train for heaven.—CHO.

1. Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Joy-ful-ly we hail its gold-en light,

All the gloom-y shad-ows chas-ing far a-way, Bring-ing us the pleas-ant day.

Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold-en light.

**CHORUS.**

Day calm and ho--ly, day near-est heaven, Day which a Fa-ther's love has given;

*Al Segno.*

2. All the days of labor ended one by one,  
Glad are we the six days' work is done;  
Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest;  
'Tis the day that God has blest.—CHO.

3. Let us spend the moments of this holy day,  
So that when they all have passed away,  
Sweet 't will be to think, the quiet Sabbath even  
Brings us one day nearer heaven.—CHO.

## Remember the Sabbath-school.

A. A. G.

1. Oh, re - mem - ber the Sab-bath-school When the sum-mer is past, And the chill winds sigh

mournful - ly, And the snow-flakes fly fast. Do not say, "It looks drear-i - ly; 'Tis a cold win - try

CHORUS.  
day;" Come with eyes sparkling merrily; Come, boys and girls, away. Yes, a - way to the Sabbath-school, the

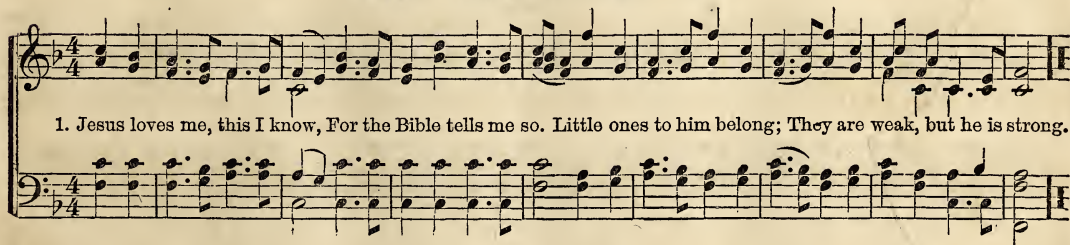
Sab-bath-school, the Sab-bath-school; Yes, a - way to the Sabbath-school, the bless-ed Sab - bath-school.

2. When the spring buds are opening,  
 To the school you repair;  
 When the summer flower's blossoming,  
 Oh you love to be there:  
 Like the bright and the beautiful,  
 Love to honor God's day;  
 Come with hearts warm and dutiful,  
 Come, boys and girls, away.  
 CHO.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, etc.

3. Oh the same friends will meet you there,  
 And around you will cling;  
 And the same songs will greet you there,  
 That you sung in the spring:  
 And the same truth address you there,  
 And if you will obey,  
 The dear Saviour will bless you there;  
 Then, boys and girls, away,  
 CHO.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, etc.

## 105. Jesus Loves Me. 7s.

\*



1. Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so. Little ones to him belong; They are weak, but he is strong.

2. Jesus loves me, he who died  
 Heaven's gate to open wide;  
 He will wash away my sin,  
 Let his little child come in.

If I love him, when I die  
 He will take me home on high.

For, if any foe alarms,  
 He will clasp us in his arms.

## 106. The Good Shepherd.

3. Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
 Though I'm very weak and ill;  
 From his shining throne on high  
 Comes to watch me where I lie.

1. In the Saviour's pleasant fold,  
 Sheltered from the heat and cold,  
 Guarded from the dangers round,  
 We thy little lambs are found.

3. Saviour, by thy tender grace,  
 Grant us in thy fold a place;  
 May we listen to thy voice,  
 And to do thy will rejoice.

4. Jesus loves me; he will stay  
 Close beside me all the way:

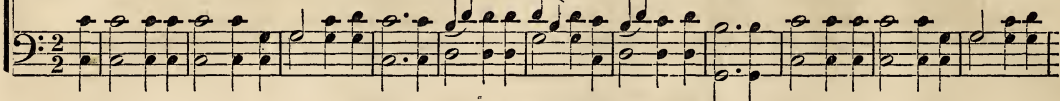
2. None can ever hurt us there,  
 Safe within our Shepherd's care;

4. Day by day, while here below,  
 May we wiser, happier grow;  
 Thus preparing in thy love  
 For the better fold above. NEW LUTE.



What tho' we are children, we're never too

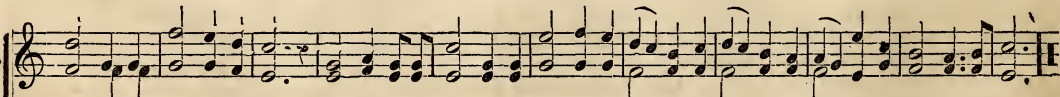
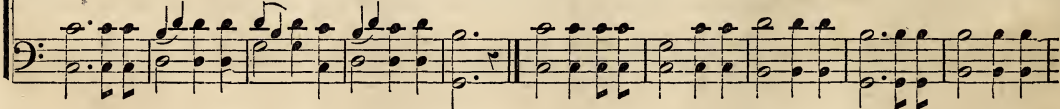
He calls us himself, so we must not delay.



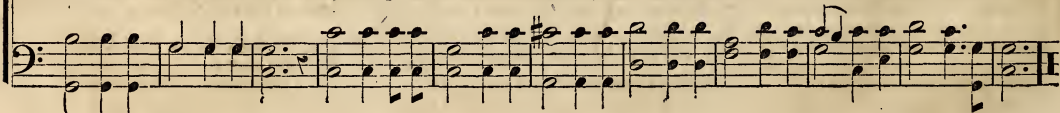
CHORUS.

The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords indicated by vertical lines. The word "CHORUS." is written above the staff at the beginning of the section.

small To be soldiers for Jesus; so come one and all. Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above On the folds of our



banner—that watchword is LOVE. Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above On the folds of our banner, etc.



2. He gives us our armor, so shining and bright,  
So let us fight bravely for truth and for right;  
The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed:  
We must ask for his help, or we shall not succeed.

## CHORUS.

Christ gives us our watchword; 't is written above  
On the folds of our banner—that watchword is LOVE.

3. We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet,  
And Satan our foe oft will threaten defeat;  
Temptation too often will lead us astray;  
But our Captain stands ready to show us our way.

4. He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er;  
E'en Death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;  
We'll follow our Leader till yonder bright heaven  
Shall ring with our praises for victory given.—CHO.

## 108. Will You Meet Us?

1. Say, broth - ers, will you meet us, Say, broth - ers, will you

meet us, Say, broth - ers, will you meet us On Ca - naan's hap - py shore?

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
Where parting is no more.

3. Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
For ever, evermore.

## Let us Work for the School.

A. A. G.

1st 2d

1. { Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it never, no, nev-er de-cline;  
For its prais-es are sung by the good in all lands That are blest with the gospel di - - - vine. }

2. { 'Tis perfumed by the prayers, 'tis bedewed by the tears Of the ho - ly, the ac - tive, the true;  
They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears, When its friends were but feeble and few. }

## CHORUS.

Ral - ly then ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

3. Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path,  
And the church spreads above it her wing;  
'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,  
And a gem in the crown of her King.—CHO.

4. There are thousands now singing and shining above,  
There are thousands now toiling below,  
Who were melted and won by Immanuel's love,  
As they heard in the school of his woe.—CHO.

1. The sea is wildly tossing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly crossing To our eternal home.  
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heav'n may anchor, And sing redeeming grace.

**CHORUS.**

O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Gracious Saviour, pilot me; O-ver the sea, over the sea, Spirit kind, my guardian

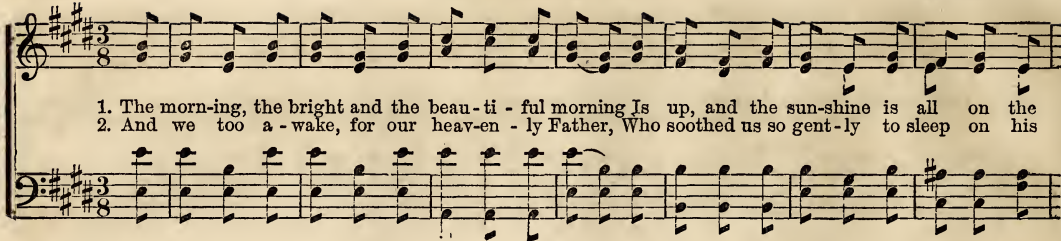
be; O-ver the sea, wherev-er I roam, Fa-ther above, Oh bring me home Under the bright celestial dome.

3. Though nature in commotion  
Defy our power and skill,  
Our Jesus rules the ocean,  
And bids the winds be still.

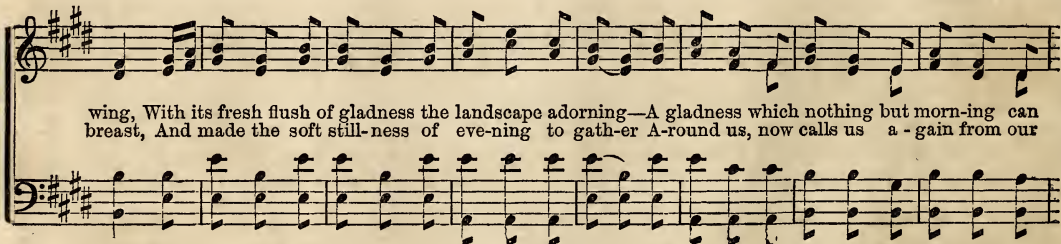
4. Sail on then, comrades, boldly,  
And make God's word your chart;  
Do every duty nobly,  
With joyful, trustful heart.

5. We'll float the gospel banner,  
And guard it with our life,  
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"  
Victorious in the strife.

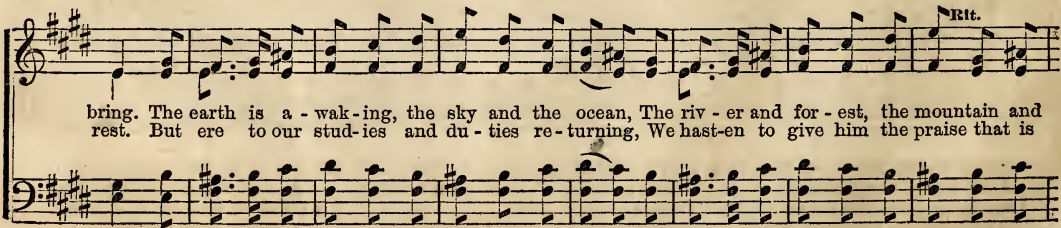




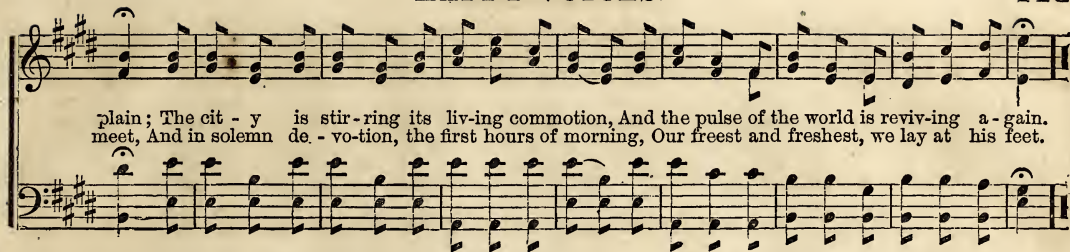
1. The morn-ing, the bright and the beau-ti - ful morning Is up, and the sun-shine is all on the  
2. And we too a - wake, for our heav-en - ly Father, Who soothed us so gent-ly to sleep on his



wing, With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning—A gladness which nothing but morn-ing can  
breast, And made the soft still-ness of eve-ning to gath-er A-round us, now calls us a - gain from our



bring. The earth is a - wak-ing, the sky and the ocean, The riv - er and for - est, the mountain and  
rest. But ere to our stud-ies and du - ties re - turning, We hast-en to give him the praise that is



plain; The cit - y is stir - ring its liv - ing commotion, And the pulse of the world is reviv - ing a - gain.  
meet, And in solemn de - vo - tion, the first hours of morning, Our freest and freshest, we lay at his feet.

3. Then away to the school in the sweet summer morning,  
God's blessing upon us, his light on our road;  
And let all the lessons we're happily learning,  
Be only to bring us more surely to God.  
Oh now let us haste to our heavenly Father,  
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,  
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together,  
And the morn of our youth let us hallow to him.

BONAR.

## 112. The Eden Above.

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me  
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,  
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,  
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;  
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,  
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,  
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
And range with delight through the Eden above.
2. Then hail, blessed state; hail, ye songsters of glory;  
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
"Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' dear love."

Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through heaven,  
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given  
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,  
Who brought us through grace to the Eden above.

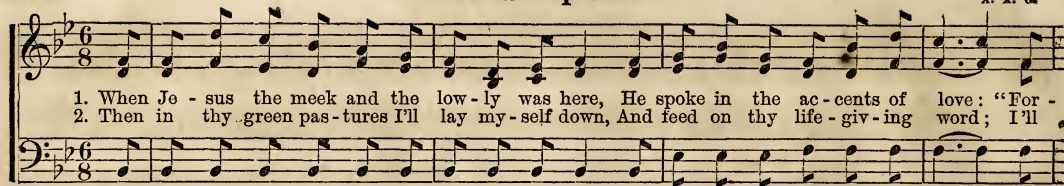
## 113. Evening Praise.

1. SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,  
The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;  
Oh now, in the hush of the fitful commotion,  
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.  
Full oft wast thou praying alone on the mountain,  
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;  
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain,  
Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.
2. And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow  
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,  
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,  
And guard us from evil, tho' Death watch our sleep.  
To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,  
Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart,  
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given;  
One God, ever blessed and praised, thou art.

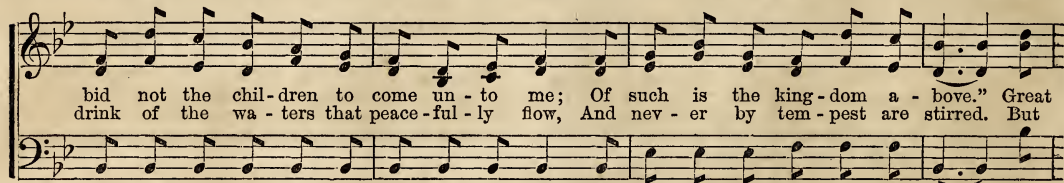
HEBER.

## The Sheepfold.

A. A. G.



1. When Je - sus the meek and the low - ly was here, He spoke in the ac - cents of love: "For -  
2. Then in thy green pas - tures I'll lay my - self down, And feed on thy life - giv - ing word; I'll



bid not the chil - dren to come un - to me; Of such is the king - dom a - bove." Great  
drink of the wa - ters that peace - ful - ly flow, And nev - er by tem - pest are stirred. But



Shepherd, I'm help - less, and oft - en I rove; My sins and my fol - lies in pit - y re - move, And  
guard me and guide me, my Shep - herd, I pray, And give me a heart thy commands to o - bey, To



gath - er a child in the arms of thy love, And give him a place in thy fold.  
turn from temp - ta - tion and tempt - ers a - way, And nev - er de - part from thy fold.

3. Oh why on the mountains so cold and so drear,  
Where darkness and dangers appall,  
Should children be suffered to wander and die,  
When Jesus would welcome them all?  
Ye friends of the children, go gather them in,  
And study to woo them, and labor to win,  
Before they are wedded to folly and sin  
And die far away from the fold.

4. For 'tis not the will of the Shepherd divine,  
That one of these lambs should be lost;  
A precious salvation he purchased for them,  
And tongue cannot tell what it cost:  
He grieves when he sees them by folly beguiled,  
For precious to him is the soul of a child,  
And safely at last, in the land undefiled,  
He gathers them into his fold.

### 115. Wandering Lambs.

A. A. G.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of two systems. The first system contains the main melody and a bass line. The second system is marked 'CHORUS' and features a more complex, rhythmic melody with triplets and a corresponding bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

1. Over the mountains, barren and cold, Far from the pasture, far from the fold, Wander the lambs, by folly beguiled;

CHORUS.

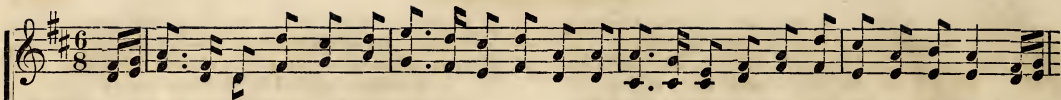
Rescue the children, friends of the child. Hasten to seek them, hasten to save, Ere they be lost in the night of the grave.

2. Jesus the Shepherd loves to be- hold  
Lambs of his flock secure in his fold;  
Grieved is the heart of infinite Love,  
When from the sheepfold little ones  
Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc. [rove.

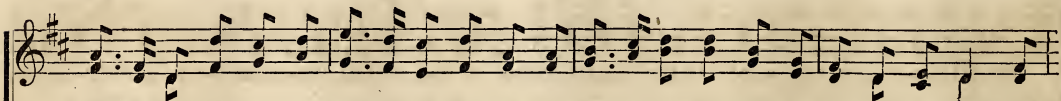
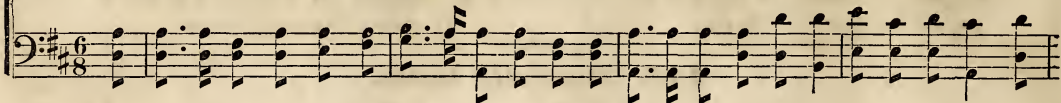
3. Pleasures allure them, false as they're fair;  
Lies in their pathway many a snare;  
Tempters around them seek to decoy,  
Dangers in ambush wait to destroy.  
Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc.

4. Gently and kindly guide the young feet,  
Line upon line, with patience entreat;  
Happy the heart whose labor is this—  
Guiding a child to mansions of bliss.  
Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc.

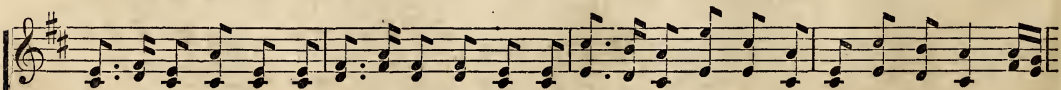
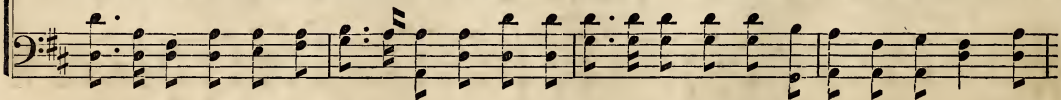




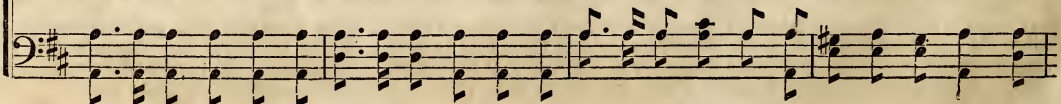
1. How small are the dewdrops, those gems of the morning, That bathe with effulgence the field and the flower; How  
 2. So gifts from the youthful, their pray'rs and their labors, Like dew on the flow'rs, may but tri-fles ap-pear; But

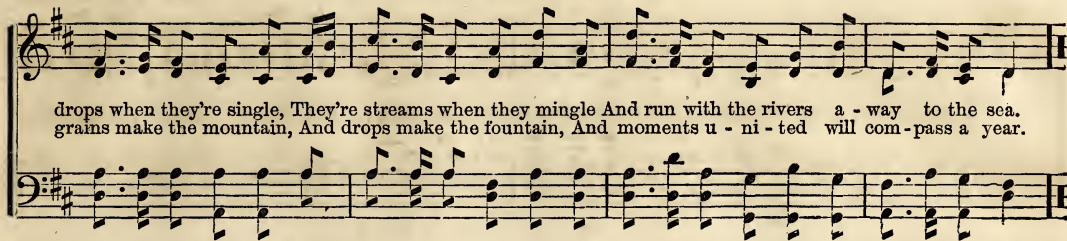


transient their stay and how brief their a - dorn-ing, How humble their mission—to shine for an hour; But  
 blend the bright drop with its glis-ten-ing neighbors, And streams of refreshment the desert shall cheer. Then,



think of them rightly, Don't speak of them lightly, Because you can brush them by thousands a-way; Tho'  
 chil-dren, don't fal-ter, But bring to the al - tar The word kindly spo-ken, the mite, or the tear: For





drops when they're single, They're streams when they mingle And run with the rivers a - way to the sea.  
grains make the mountain, And drops make the fountain, And moments u - ni - ted will com - pass a year.

3. Then ever be doing and ever devising;

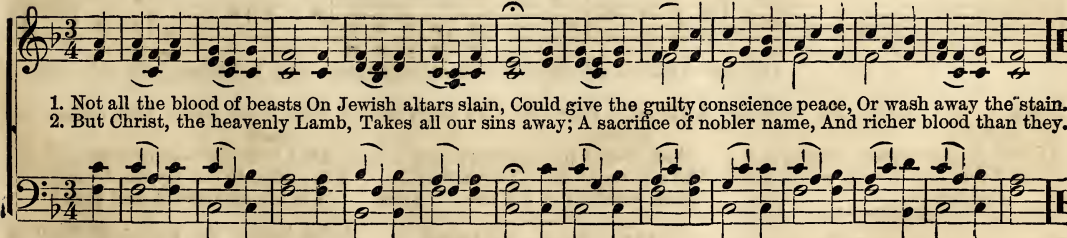
Do not say, "I'm a child, I will work when a man;"  
The season of small things be never despising,  
But fill up your measure, and do what you can.

Do not ever be hoarding, and riches applauding,

Keep giving, and you shall have plenty to give:  
The truest enjoyment is found in employment;  
For God and humanity labor and live.

117. Dennis. S. M.

NAGELI. Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.  
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove: [voice,  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful  
And sing his bleeding love. WATTS.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let eve-ry heart pre-pare him

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.  
And heav'n and nature sing. . . . .

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,  
and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love. WATTS.
2. Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrow cease;  
'Tis music to our ravished ears;  
'Tis life and health and peace.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
Ee come to make his blessings  
flow  
Far as the curse is found.

- 119. Praise to Christ.**  
1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

3. He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the pris'n'r free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean—  
His blood availed for me.

WESLEY.

## 120. Latter-day Glory.

1. BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
2. To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;

"Up to the hill of God," they say,  
"And to his courts we'll go."  
3. The beams that shine on Zion's  
hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's  
towers  
Shall all the world command.

4. No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their millions slain deplore;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

5. Come then, Oh come from every  
To worship at his shrine; [land,  
And walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine. LOGAN.

## 121. Nothing but Leaves.

MORNING STAR, by leave of A. J. ABBEY.

1. Nothing but leaves; the Spir - it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life, O'er sin committed while conscience slept,  
Prom - is - es made but nev - er kept, Fol - ly and shame and strife, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

2. Nothing but leaves; no ripened  
Garner'd of life's fair grain: [sheaves  
We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds,  
Words, idle words for earnest deeds;  
Reaping, we find with pain  
Nothing but leaves.
3. Nothing but leaves: and memory  
No veil to hide the past; [weaves  
And as we trace our weary way  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
Sadly we find at last  
Nothing but leaves.
4. And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our withered leaves?  
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;  
Stand we before him sad and mute,  
Waiting the word he breathes,  
"Nothing but leaves!"



1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the notes of praise a - bove; }  
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoy - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yon - der

CHORUS.

throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

2. Jesus hail! whose glory brightens

All above and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:

When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.

CHO.—Hallelujah, etc.

3. King of glory, reign for ever—

Thine an everlasting crown:

Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine  
 own:

Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.—CHO.

4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, Oh bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King."

CHO.—Hallelujah, etc.

KELLY.

Rise on us, thyself revealing—

Rise and chase the clouds beneath,  
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise;  
 Scatter all the night of nature,  
 Pour the day upon our eyes.

2. Still we wait for thine appearing;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every meek, benighted heart.

By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

### 123. Light in Darkness.

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwell-  
 Borders on the shades of death, [ing

1. Send the tid - ings of sal - va - - tion To the hea - then sunk in sin: All with - out is  
 2. While the light is round you shin - ing, Point - ing out the nar - row path, Hea - then in their

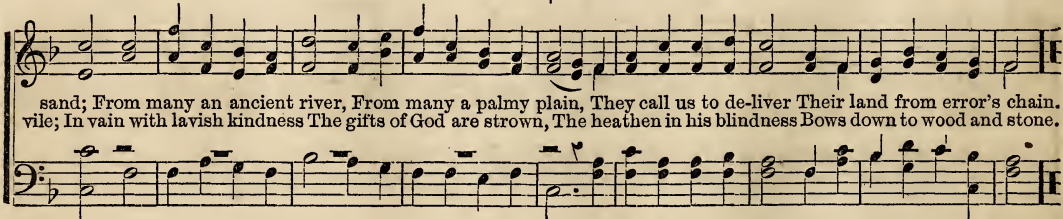
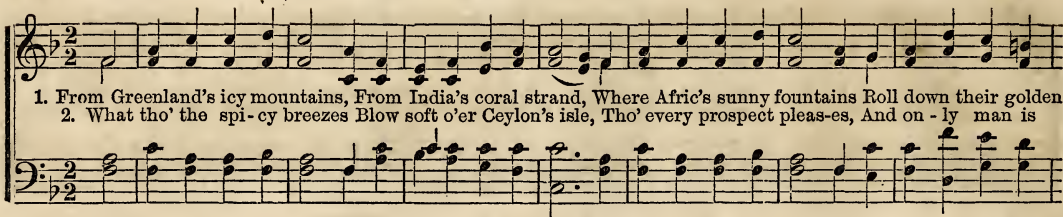
**CHORUS.**  
 des - o - - la - tion, All is wretch - ed - ness with - in. Send the tid - ings, Send the tid - ings,  
 dark - ness pin - ing, Walk the down - ward road to wrath. Send the tid - ings, Send the tidings, etc.

Je - sus died the lost to save; Send the tid - ings, Send the tid - ings, Je - sus died the lost to save.

3. When in sorrow's hour you languish,  
 Some sweet promise cheers your heart;  
 They, thro' days and nights of anguish,  
 Nothing find to ease the smart.  
 Cho.—Send the tidings, etc.

4. On the Saviour's bosom lying,  
 You can smile when death draws  
 near;  
 But the heathen, when he's dying,  
 Sinks in darkness and despair.

5. Think upon their desolation,  
 Pray and toil their souls to save;  
 Send the gospel of salvation,  
 Ere they moulder in the grave.  
 Cho.—Send the tidings, etc.



3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

### 126. Morning Light.

1. The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,

And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not, till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not, till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord has come."

S. F. SMITH.

## 127. The Lord's Anointed.

1. HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son;  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2. He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and  
dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3. For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is LOVE.

MONTGOMERY.

## 128. The Gospel Banner. 7s &amp; 6s.

SPIR. SONGS. ARRANGED.

1. Now be the gos-pel ban-ner In eve-ry land unfurled, And be the shout Ho-san-na Re-ech-oed thro' the  
2. Yes, thou shalt reign for ev-er, O Je-sus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy favor Each ransomed captive

world: Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue, Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.  
sings: The isles for thee are waiting, The deserts learn thy praise, The hills and valleys greeting, The song responsive  
raise.



1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can -

not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, What can

shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?

Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3.  
 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear,

For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.

NEWTON.

**130. Good Tidings.**

1. SHOUT the tidings of salvation  
To the aged and the young,  
Till the precious invitation  
Waken every heart and tongue;  
Shout the tidings of salvation  
O'er the prairies of the west,  
Till each gathering congregation  
With the gospel sound is blest.

2. Shout the tidings of salvation,  
Mingling with the ocean's roar,  
Till the ships of every nation  
Bear the news from shore to shore;  
Shout the tidings of salvation  
O'er the islands of the sea,  
Till, in humble adoration,  
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

May be sung also to HARWELL, No. 122.

**131. Little Things.**

The musical notation for 'Little Things' is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is simple and repetitive, consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The word 'Coda.' is written above the final measure of the top staff.

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the beauteous land, the beauteous land.

2. And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

3. So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the paths of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

4. Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

5. Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

2. We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

3. Save us, Lord, from sinning,  
Watch us day by day;  
Help us now to love thee,  
Take our sins away.

4. Then, when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We will answer gladly,  
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

**132. Praise to Christ.**

1. JESUS, high in glory.  
Lend a listening ear;  
When we bow before thee,  
Infant praises hear.

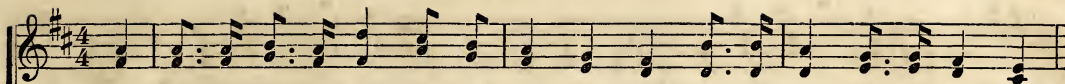
1. There's a voice in the air, a still small voice, And it comes to our ear while we  
 2. 'Tis the voice of our Father, from heav'n it comes, And it finds us wher-ev - - er we

play; In the morn - ing it comes, tho' we heed not the sound, And at noon and at eve - ning it  
 stray; In the field or the town, in the house or the street, Whether wel - come or not, the same

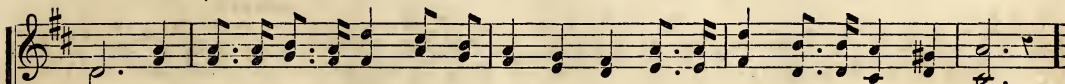
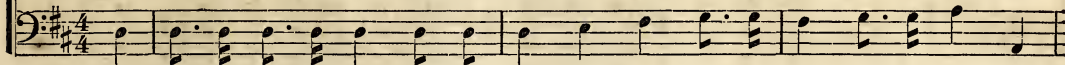
fol - lows us round: "Go work in my vine - yard to - day; Go work in my vine - yard to-day."  
 ac - cents we meet: "Go work in my vine - yard to - day; Go work in my vine - yard to-day."

3. 'Tis our Father who calls; he calls us in love;  
 Let us hasten that call to obey:  
 He has given us life and each good we enjoy;  
 Let us then for his love all our efforts employ;  
 "We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

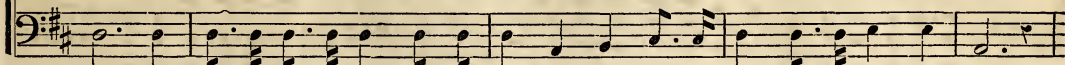
4. All blessings come down from his throne in the sky;  
 All he asks is that we should obey:  
 He has saved us from death; when life's journey shall end,  
 He will love us for ever, our Saviour and Friend;  
 We'll work in his vineyard to-day.



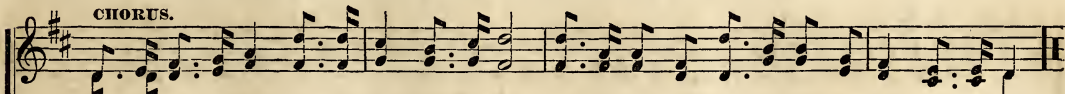
1. I love a lit - tle child with his spark - ling eye, And his cheek like the blush - ing  
 2. I love a lit - tle child with her step so light, As she glides like a spir - it



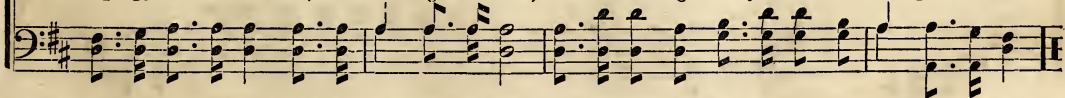
rose; I love his mer - ry laugh and his sun - ny face, When the joy of his heart o'er - flows.  
 by; I love her gen - tle mirth and her soft sweet songs, Which with birds of the wild - wood vie.



## CHORUS.



Hap - py lit - tle children, with cares light and few, In the lov - ing heart you'll find a warm place for you.



3. I love them better yet when I see them meet  
 In the school on the Sabbath-day,  
 To learn their Father's will, and his praise to sing,  
 And to walk in the heavenly way.—CHO.

4. I love them best of all, when their wayward hearts  
 Are subdued by a Saviour's love;  
 Tho' now the cross they bear, yet the crown they'll wear  
 When they pass to their home above.—CHO.



1. Don't think there is noth-ing for chil-dren to do, Be-cause they can't work like a man; The

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first verse lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

harvest is great and the laborers few: Then, children, do all that you can. Children, do all that you can;

The musical notation continues with the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Children, do all that you can; The harvest is great and the laborers few; Then, children, do all that you can.

The musical notation continues with the second verse. It features a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2. You think, if great riches you had at command,  
Your zeal should no weariness know;  
You'd scatter your wealth with a liberal hand,  
And succor the children of woe.—CHO.

3. But what if you've naught but a penny to give?  
Then give it, though scanty your store;  
For those who give nothing when little they have,  
When wealthy will do little more.—CHO.

4. It was not the off'ring of pomp and of power,  
It was not the golden bequest—  
Ah no, 't was the mite from the hand of the poor  
That Jesus applauded and blessed.—CHO.

5. Then don't be a sluggard and live at your ease,  
And life with vain pleasures beguile;  
But ever be active and busy as bees,  
And God on your labors will smile.—CHO.

### 136. Little Servants.

H. K.

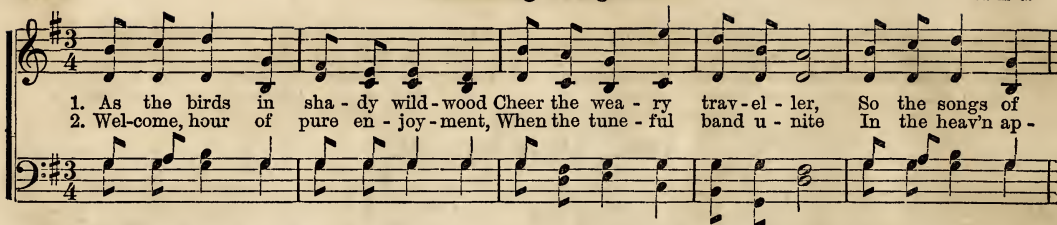
1. Oh what can lit - tle hands, lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven? The  
2. Oh what can lit - tle lips, lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven? The

lit - tle hands some work may try To help the poor in mis - e - ry— Such grace to mine be given.  
lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kind - ness say— Such grace to mine be given.

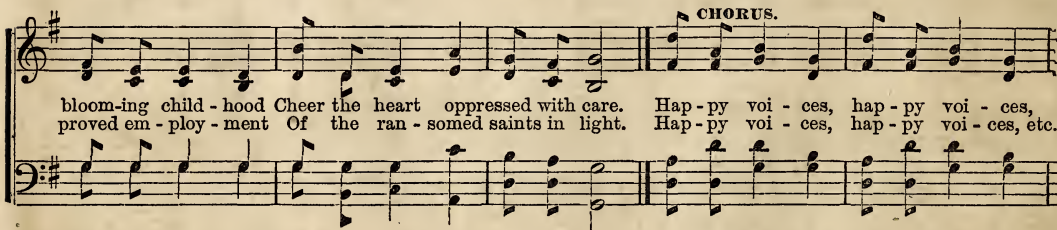
3. Oh what can little eyes, little eyes do To please the King of heaven?  
The little eyes can upward look,  
Can learn to read God's holy book:  
Such grace to mine be given.

4. Oh what can little hearts, little hearts do To please the King of heaven?  
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,  
Can love and trust the children's Friend:  
Such grace to mine be given.

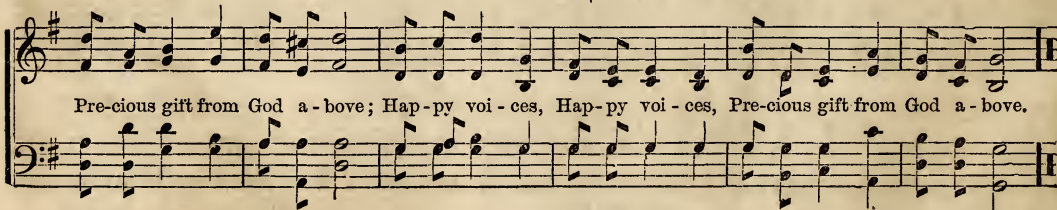
5. When hearts and hands and lips unite To please the King of heaven,  
And serve the Saviour with delight,  
They are most precious in his sight:  
Such grace to mine be given. FARIN.



1. As the birds in sha - dy wild - wood Cheer the wea - ry trav - el - ler, So the songs of  
 2. Wel - come, hour of pure en - joy - ment, When the tune - ful band u - nite In the heav'n ap -



CHORUS.  
 bloom - ing child - hood Cheer the heart oppressed with care. Hap - py voi - ces, hap - py voi - ces,  
 proved em - ploy - ment Of the ran - somed saints in light. Hap - py voi - ces, hap - py voi - ces, etc.



Pre - cious gift from God a - bove; Hap - py voi - ces, Hap - py voi - ces, Pre - cious gift from God a - bove.

3. Every loving heart rejoices,  
 And the angel flight delays;  
 For 'tis sweet when hearts and voices  
 Blend in songs of sacred praise.—CHO.

4. Precious youth, in life's bright morning  
 Train ye for the heavenly choir;  
 From the ways of folly turning,  
 To a heavenly harp aspire.—CHO.

1. { I have a home, a hap-py home, And friends who love me there; }  
 { With dai - ly bread I still am fed, Have still warm clothes to wear: } I've health and strength in

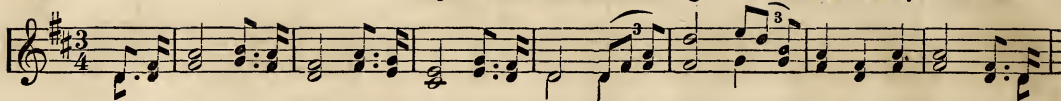
eve-ry limb, How grateful should I be; How shall I show my love to Him Who shows such love to me?

2. While some are blind, or deaf, or lame,  
 I hear the sweet birds sing,  
 Can bound along with joyful song,  
 Can watch the flowers of spring;  
 No wasting pain my eye to dim,  
 From want and sickness free:  
 How shall I show my love to Him  
 Who shows such love to me?
3. And blessings greater still than these  
 A gracious God has given—  
 The precious word of Christ our Lord  
 To guide my feet to heaven.

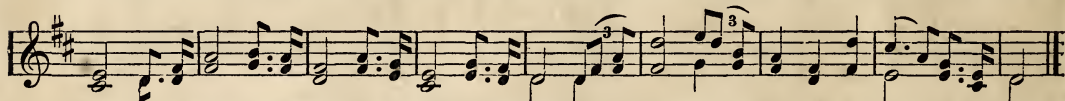
Among the shining cherubim  
 I trust my home shall be:  
 How shall I show my love to Him  
 Who shows such love to me?

4. My God, I am a feeble child;  
 Oh teach me to obey,  
 With humble fear to serve thee here,  
 To watch and praise and pray:  
 My love is weak, my faith is dim,  
 But grace I ask from thee,  
 That I may prove my love for Him  
 Who loved and died for me.



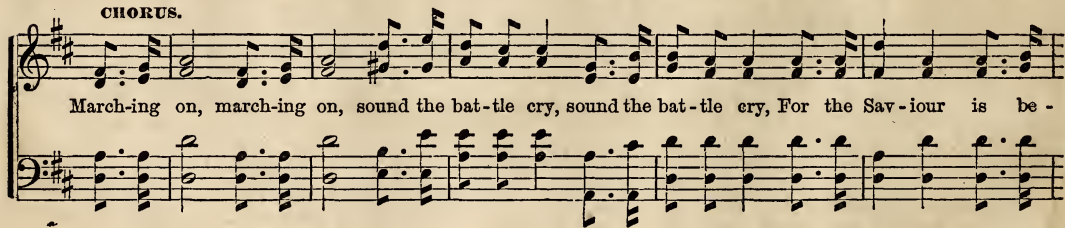


1. Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from  
2. Pressing on, pressing on to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat - tle we

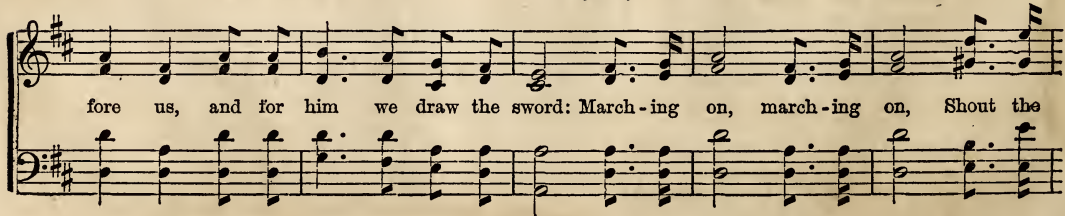


far; Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zi-on, pre-pared for the war.  
go; 'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ev - er right on tow'rd the foe.

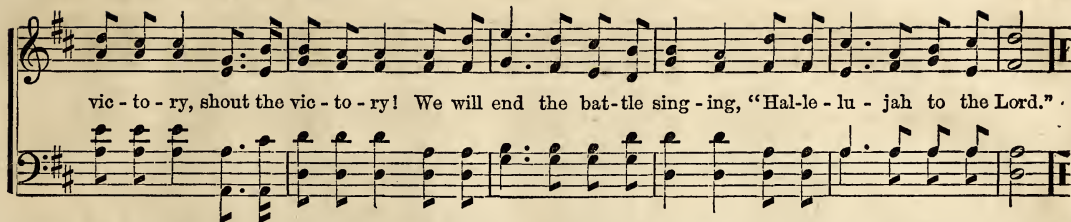
## CHORUS.



March-ing on, march-ing on, sound the bat-tle cry, sound the bat-tle cry, For the Sav-iour is be -



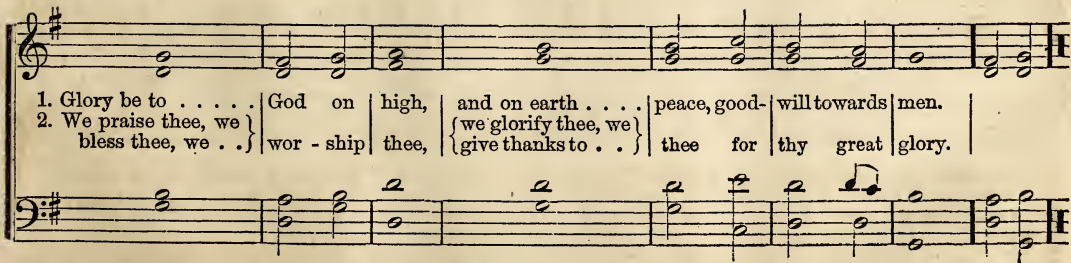
fore us, and for him we draw the sword: March-ing on, march-ing on, Shout the



3. Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,  
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:  
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life;  
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.  
Cho.—Marching on, marching on, etc.

4. Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come;  
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renowned;  
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,  
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.  
Cho.—Marching on, marching on, etc.

### 140. Chant—Gloria in Excelsis.



3. For thou . . . . . only art holy, Thou . . . . . on - - ly art the Lord.  
4. Thou only, O Christ, }  
with the . . . . . } Ho - - ly Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. A-men.

## Love at Home.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.

1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at

home. Peace and plen - ty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on eve - ry side, Time doth softly, sweet - ly glide,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

. In the cottage there is joy,  
When there's love at home;  
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,  
When there's love at home.  
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,  
All the earth's a garden sweet,  
Making life a bliss complete,  
When there's love at home.

3. Kindly heaven smiles above,  
When there's love at home;  
All the earth is filled with love,  
When there's love at home.  
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,  
Brighter beams the azure sky;  
Oh, there's One who smiles on high  
When there's love at home.

4. Jesus, show thy mercy mine,  
Then there's love at home;  
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,  
Then there's love at home.  
Source of love, thy cheering light  
Far exceeds the sun so bright—  
Can dispel the gloom of night;  
Then there's love at home.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleasant, Sin is al - ways near.  
2. But a lit - tle pil - grim Must have garments clean, If he'd wear the white robes And with Christ be seen.

There's a bet - ter coun - try, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sor - row Nev - er en - ter in.  
Jesus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to o - bey; Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me On my heavenly way.

**143. Little Child's Prayer.**

1. JESUS, tender Saviour,  
Hast thou died for me?  
Make me very thankful  
In my heart to thee.  
When the sad, sad story  
Of thy grief I read,  
Make me very sorry  
For my sins indeed.
2. Now I know thou livest,  
And dost plead for me;  
Make me very thankful  
In my prayers to thee.  
Soon I hope in glory  
At thy side to stand;

Make me meet to see thee  
In that happy land.

**144. The Good Shepherd.**

1. JESUS is our Shepherd,  
Wiping every tear;  
Folded in his bosom,  
What have we to fear?  
Only let us follow  
Whither he doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert,  
Or the dewy mead.
2. Jesus is our Shepherd;  
Well we know his voice;

How its gentlest whisper  
Makes our heart rejoice!  
Even when he chideth,  
Tender is his tone;  
None but he shall guide us,  
We are his alone.

3. Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For the sheep he bled;  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood he shed.  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.



## Now the Sabbath Eve Declining.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. { Now the Sab-bath eve de-clin-ing, Sheds around a hallowed light, }  
 { And the sil-ver stars are shining With a radiance pure and bright. } Soft and gen-tle be the numbers

Which our grateful spir - its raise: God a-bove, while na-ture slumbers, Hear, Oh hear our song of praise.

2. May the words of inspiration  
 Which our ears have heard to-day,  
 Wake a holy contemplation,  
 Call our souls from earth away.

While with hearts and voices blending,  
 Up to heaven our thoughts we raise,  
 Thou to mortal vows attending,  
 Hear, Oh hear our song of praise.

## 146. God is Near Thee.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul; He'll defend thee When around thee Billows roll, When around, etc.

2. Calm thy sadness,  
Look in gladness  
On high;  
Faint and weary,  
Pilgrim, cheer thee,  
Help is nigh.

3. Mark the sea-bird,  
Wildly wheeling  
Through the skies;  
God defends him,  
God attends him  
When he cries.

4. God is near thee,  
Therefore cheer thee,  
Sad soul;  
He'll defend thee  
When around thee  
Billows roll.

### 147. Memory.

H. K. From the New SONGS OF ZION.

1. When shall we meet a - gain—Meet ne'er to sev - er? When shall peace wreathe her chain Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark world of woes—Never, no never.

2. When shall love freely flow,  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless for ever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill—  
Never—no, never.

3. Up to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy for ever;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel—  
Never—no, never.

4. Soon shall we meet again—  
Meet, ne'er to sever;  
Soon will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us for ever:  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly foes;  
Our songs of praise shall close—  
Never—no, never.

1. Home, dear home, we nev - er can forget; Friends, dear friends, we often there have met; Press'd by care, or

**CHORUS.**  
pierced by grief, Home has af-ford-ed us a sweet re - lief. Ten - der mem - o - ries round thee twine,

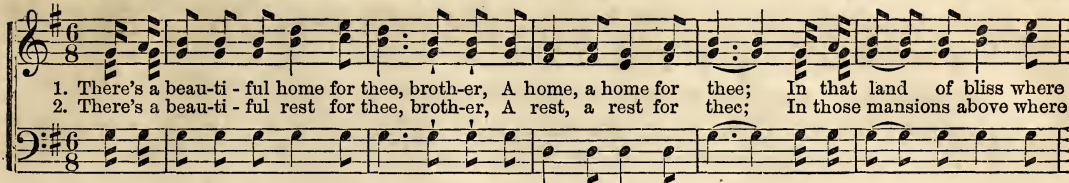
Like the ivy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.

2. Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore,  
Worn and weary heap the golden ore;  
Still our yearning hearts demand  
Rest in the homestead in our native land.—CHO.

3. On the gilded page of earthly fame  
Some may pant to register their name;  
Round our names no wreath may be,  
But you may read them on the old home tree.—CHO.

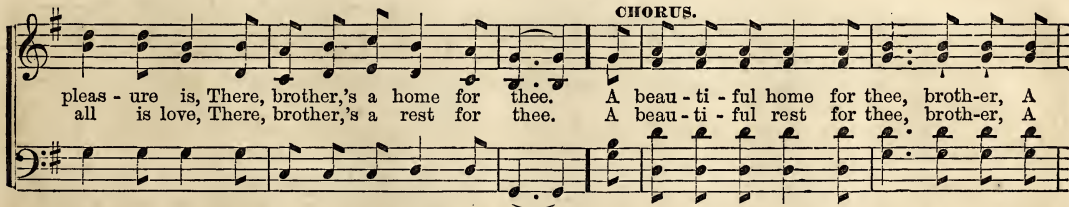
4. Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl,  
Mirth and music lure the careless soul;  
But with us at home, you'll find  
Home joys that never leave a sting behind.—CHO.

5. Firmly bound by silver chains of love,  
Here are foretastes of the home above;  
Thou from whom all blessings come,  
Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.—CHO.

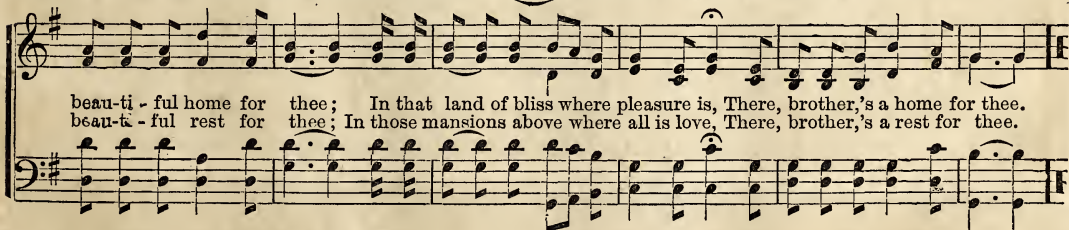


1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, broth-er, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where  
2. There's a beau-ti-ful rest for thee, broth-er, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where

CHORUS.



pleas-ure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee. A beau-ti-ful home for thee, broth-er, A  
all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee. A beau-ti-ful rest for thee, broth-er, A

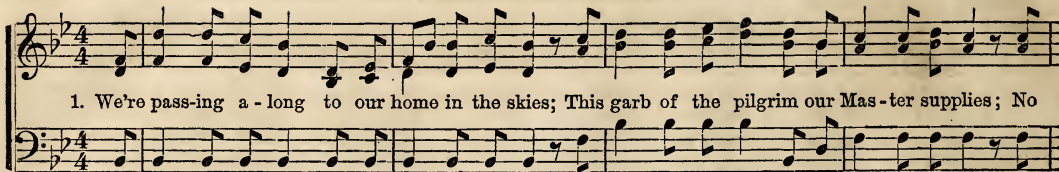


beau-ti-ful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee.  
beau-ti-ful rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee.

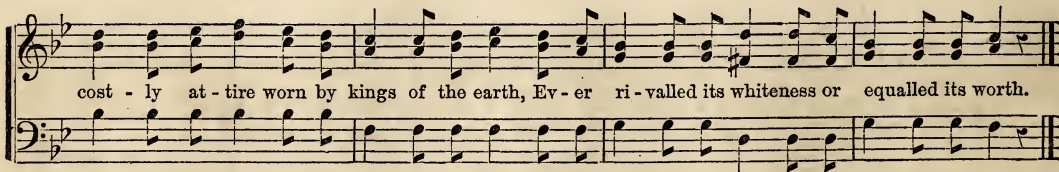
3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, A crown, a crown for thee, [brother, brother,  
When the battle is done, and the victory won, A robe, a robe for thee;  
Our Saviour will give it to thee. A robe of white, so pure and bright,  
A glorious robe for thee.
4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, 5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, broth-  
That home, that home above; [er,  
In that land of light, where all is  
bright,  
That land where all is love?

CHO.—A beautiful crown for thee, etc. CHO.—A beautiful robe for thee, etc. CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, etc.

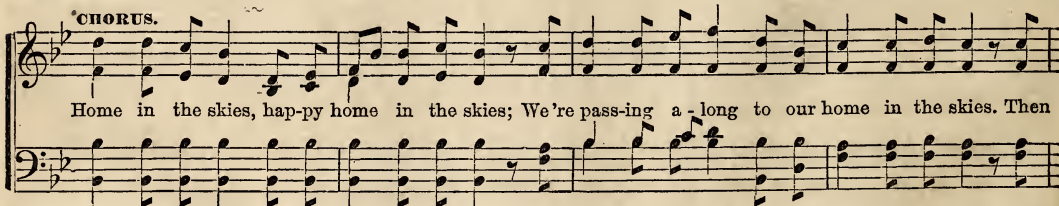




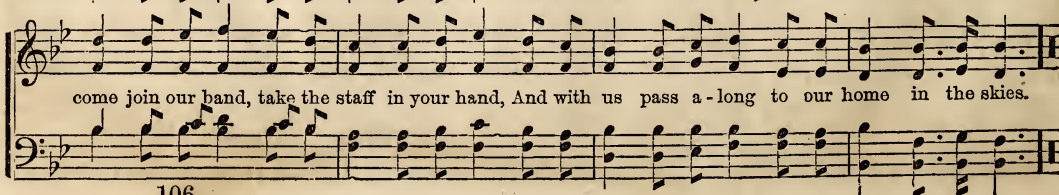
1. We're pass-ing a - long to our home in the skies; This garb of the pilgrim our Mas-ter sup-plies; No



cost - ly at - tire worn by kings of the earth, Ev - er ri - valled its whiteness or equalled its worth.



**CHORUS.**  
Home in the skies, hap-py home in the skies; We're pass-ing a - long to our home in the skies. Then



come join our hand, take the staff in your hand, And with us pass a - long to our home in the skies.

2. The world may allure us with promise and smile,  
And Satan our garments of white may defile,  
And pleasure may knock at the door of our heart;  
But we'll look unto Jesus and bid them depart.

CHO.—Home in the skies, happy home, etc.

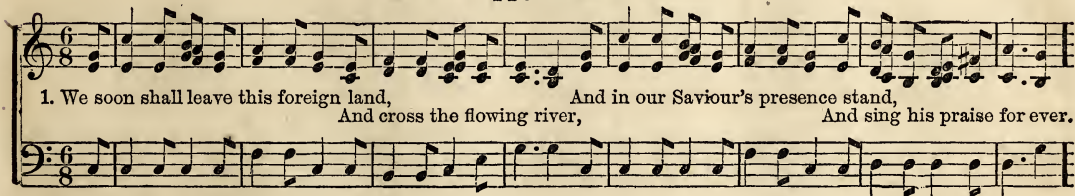
3. When weary we'll lean on the arm of our Guide;  
When thirsty we'll drink of the stream by our side;

When hungry we'll feed on the manna around;  
And when struck by the foe there's a balm for the wound.—CHO.

4. And oft in the distance our home we behold,  
Its gates made of pearl, and its courts paved with gold;  
Its pastures so fresh and its fountains so clear,  
While the anthems of praise faintly fall on the ear.—CHO.

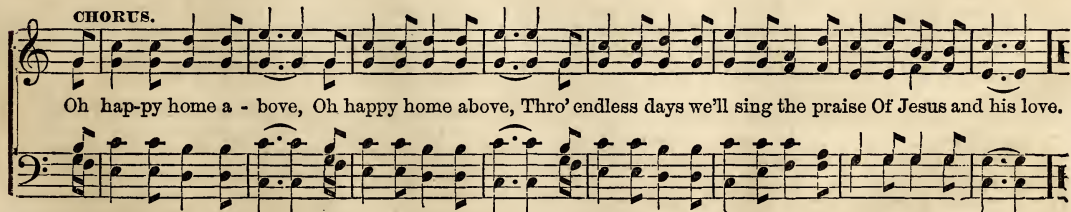
### 151. Happy Home Above.

A. A. G.



1. We soon shall leave this foreign land,  
And cross the flowing river,  
And in our Saviour's presence stand,  
And sing his praise for ever.

CHORUS.



Oh hap-py home a - bove, Oh happy home above, Thro' endless days we'll sing the praise Of Jesus and his love.

2. No sorrow there; from radiant eyes  
No tears of grief are starting;  
No sad farewell, no laboring sighs,  
When friend from friend is parting.

3. No lurking foe, no hidden snare,  
Shall evermore beguile us;  
No pleasures false, as well as fair,  
Shall evermore defile us.

4. Then, children, now repent, believe,  
And walk the path of duty;  
Then in the home above you'll live,  
Where reigns immortal beauty.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, he makes me re - pose Where the pas - tures in beau - ty are grow -  
ing, He leads me a - - far from the world and its woes, Where in peace the still waters are flow - ing.

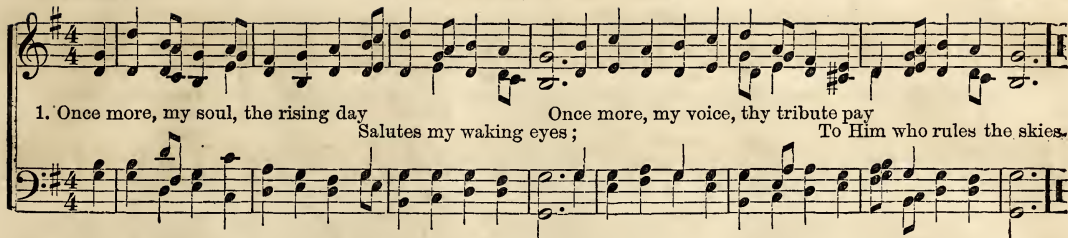
2. He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path  
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me,  
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,  
His rod and his staff will uphold me.

### 153. Shepherd of Israel.

1. Oh tell me, Thou life and delight of my soul,  
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;  
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,  
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
2. Oh tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,  
Where the noontide will find them reposing?  
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,  
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3. Oh why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,  
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,  
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,  
And temptations their ruin are proving?
4. Oh when shall my foes and my wanderings cease,  
And the follies that fill me with weeping?  
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace  
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.
5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return  
By the way where the footprints are lying:  
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,  
Oh fair one, now homeward be flying.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



2. Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to  
And yet his wrath delays. [flame,
4. Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night. WATTS.

2. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all—
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast. WATTS.

### 156. A Daily Petition.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine  
My life and death attend; [shine,  
Thy presence through my journey  
And crown my journey's end."

STEELE.

### 157. Jerusalem Above.

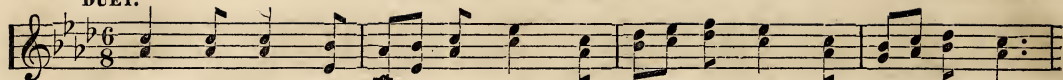
1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy and peace and thee?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-  
built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
3. Oh when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?
4. There happier bowers than Eden  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know: [bloom,  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you. [scenes
5. Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end  
When I thy joys shall see. C. WESLEY.

### 455. The Hope of Heaven.

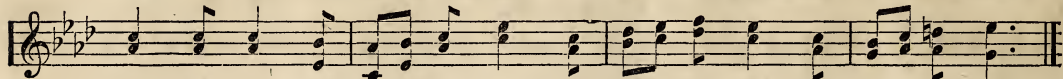
1. WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul en-  
And hellish darts be hurled, [gage,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.



## DUET.

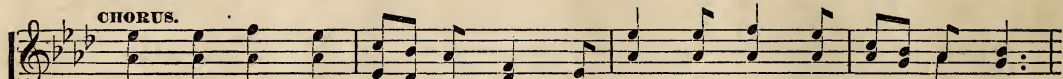


1. Christ is born, and heaven re - - joi - - ces, Ju - - dah's plain is bathed in light;  
 2. Christ is born, and the Lord's A - - noint - - ed Leaves the heaven - ly world a - while,



Thou - sand, thou - sand harps and voi - - ces Break the si - - lence of the night.  
 En - - ters on the work ap - - point - - ed, God and man to rec - - on - cile.

## CHORUS.



Glo - - ry in the high - est, glo - - ry, Peace on earth, good - will to men;



Glo - - ry in the high - est, glo - - ry, Peace on earth, good - will to men.



3. To the lost he brings salvation,  
 Freedom to the captive slave;  
 Peace amid death's desolation,  
 Vict'ry o'er the boasting grave.

4. Christ is born, Oh wondrous story!  
 Lord of life, yet born to die;  
 Sorrow's child, yet King of glory;  
 Born to rule and reign on high.

5. Royal babe, tho' few enthrone him,  
 Few their grateful offerings bring,  
 All the tribes of earth shall own him  
 Prince of peace, creation's King.

1. Saw you nev - er in the twi-light, When the sun has left the skies, Up in heav'n the  
 clear stars shin - ing Thro' the gloom like sil - ver eyes? So of old, the wise men watch-ing,  
 Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star, And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol-lowed it from far.

2. Heard you never of the story  
 How they crossed the desert wild,  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
 Till they found the holy Child—  
 How they opened all their treasure,  
 Kneeling to that infant King,

Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
 Gave the myrrh in offering?

3. Know you not that lowly infant  
 Was the bright and Morning Star,  
 He who came to light the Gentiles

And the darkened isles afar?  
 And we too may seek his cradle,  
 There our hearts' best treasure  
 bring—  
 Love and faith and true devotion,  
 For our Saviour, God, and King.

## Christmas Song.

H. KINGSBURY.  
Words by S. H. THAYER, Esq.

1. The cit - y's hum was hush'd and still, And silence reign'd o'er vale and hill; The birds had sought the  
2. In rapturous tones that strain a-rose, And burst up - on the night's re-pose; A white-winged le-gion

sheltering tree, The flocks were fold-ed ten-der-ly; No sound of life was on the breeze That murmured thro' the  
from on high With daz-zling glo-ry filled the sky: The mu-sic of the an-gel band Went floating o'er the

ol - ive-trees, And 'mid the stars heaven's brightest gem Shone o - ver sleep-ing Beth - le - hem:  
Ho - ly Land, While on the list'-ning shep-herds' ear Still rang that cho-rus loud and clear—

# HAPPY VOICES.

CHORUS. *ff*

Good tid-ings, good tid-ings, Good tid-ings of great joy! On this blest morn A Prince is born!

Good tid-ings of great joy! The Prince of peace, the Incar-nate Word, A Saviour, Christ the Lord!

Glo-ry to God in the highest then, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

3. The vision faded from the sight,  
Hushed were those voices of the night,  
And brightly dawned upon the earth  
The morning of our Saviour's birth:

Oh morn of gladness, day of joy,  
Well may thy praise our tongues employ!  
Well may we join that song of love  
First sung by minstrels from above: Cho.



## Christmas Carol.

From the MORNING STAR, by permission.



1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar Field and fountain, Moor and mountain, Following yonder star.



CHORUS.  
Oh star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, Still proceeding, Guide us to the perfect Light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown him again—  
King for ever,  
Ceasing never  
Over us all to reign.—CHO.

3. Frankincense to offer have I:  
Incense owns a deity nigh;  
Prayer and praising  
All men raising,  
Worship him God on high.—CHO.

4. Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—  
Sorrowing, sighing,  
Bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. CHO.

5. Glorious now behold him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice;  
Heaven singing  
Hallelujah;  
Joyous the earth replies.—CHO.

### 162. Seeking Christ's Care.

1. SAVIOUR, listen to our prayer,  
Poor and sinful though we are;  
Guilt-confessing,  
Give thy blessing,  
Grant us thy loving care.

#### CHORUS.

O God our Father, Christ our King,  
Now to thee our hearts we bring;

Keep them ever,  
Blessed Saviour,  
Till in heaven thy love we sing.

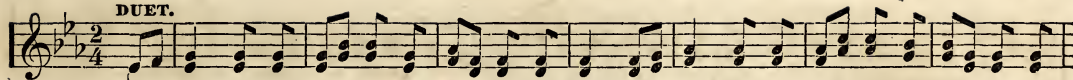
2. Strength is thine; we often stray  
From thy pure and holy way;  
Wilt thou guide us,  
Walk beside us,  
Nearer every day?

CHO.—O God our Father, etc.

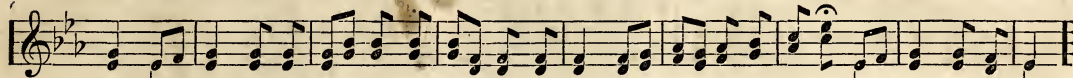
3. Then may we, when life is o'er,  
Stand with thee on yonder shore;  
Freed from sinning,  
Heaven winning,

Praising evermore.  
CHO.—O God our Father, etc.

## DUET.

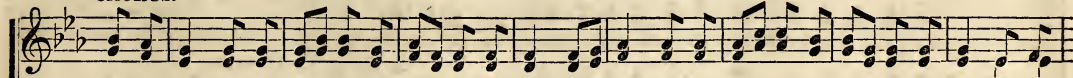


1. My home is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when tri - als ap -

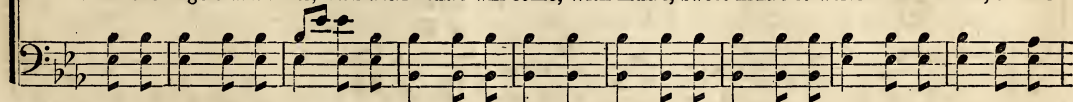


pear? Be hush'd my dark spir - it, the worst that can come But shortens my journey and hast-ens me home.

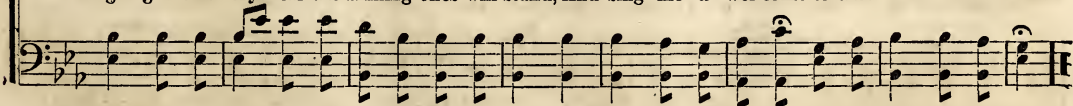
## CHORUS.



Then the angels will come, with their music will come, With music, sweet music to welcome me home; In the



bright gates of crys-tal the shining ones will stand, And sing me a wel-come to their own na-tive land.



2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.—CHO.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;  
I would not recline upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest  
Till I find them for ever on Jesus' own breast.—CHO.

## "He is Risen."

1. "He is risen, he is not here; Seek him not among the dead. He is living, do not fear," So the white-robed angel

said. He hath conquer'd ev'ry foe, He hath shown his power to save, When he took the sting from death And the vict'ry from the grave.

## CHORUS.

Then with one heart and voice Let all the earth re-joyce; Let all the living join the strain, And angels shout it

back a-gain: The Lord is risen, The Lord is risen! Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce, re - - joyce!

2. He is risen, he is not here;  
On the earth he walks no more;  
All his trials, all his toils,  
All his grief and shame are o'er;  
All his purpose is fulfilled,  
All his work on earth is done:

He whom sinners put to death  
Sitteth on the great white throne.  
CHO.—Then with one heart, etc.

3. He is risen, he is not here—  
Not indeed to mortal eyes;

But we all who die with him,  
Shall again with him arise.  
'T is in him alone we live;  
And because he lives again—  
Blessed promise, glorious hope!—  
We shall with him live and reign.

### 165. Mozart.

1. Now the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.

2. Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight:  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help us labor, help us pray.

3. Keep our wayward passions bound,  
Save us from our foes around;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.

4. When our work of life is past,  
Oh receive us all at last;  
Sin's dark night shall be no more  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HART. COL.

### 166. Sabbath Morning.

May also be sung to No. 164, with chorus.

1. CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won:  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ has opened paradise.

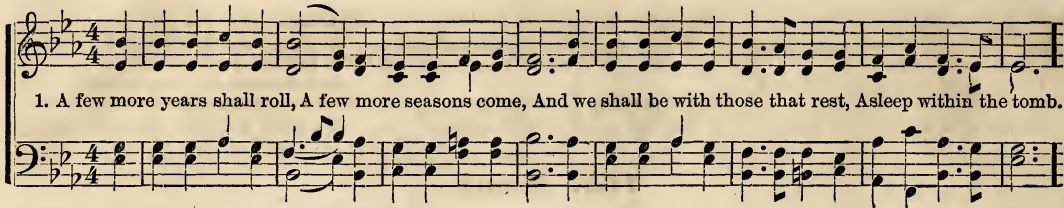
4. Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?" — CUDWORTH.

### 167. Evening Aspirations.

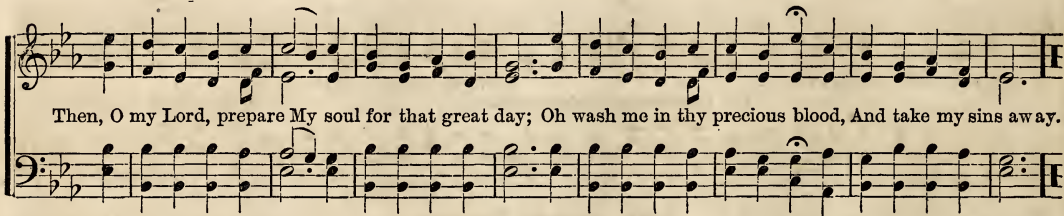
1. SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.





1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.



Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time;  
And we shall be where suns are  
not,  
A far serener clime.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests  
cease,  
And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

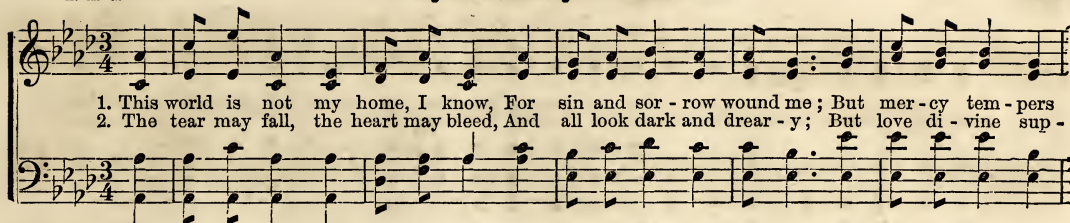
4. A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5. A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way;

And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day;  
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

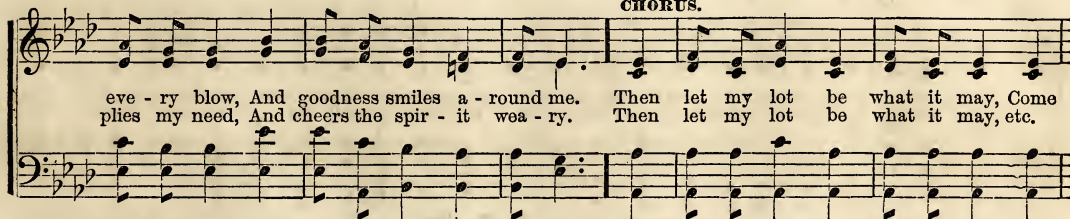
6. 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

BONAR.

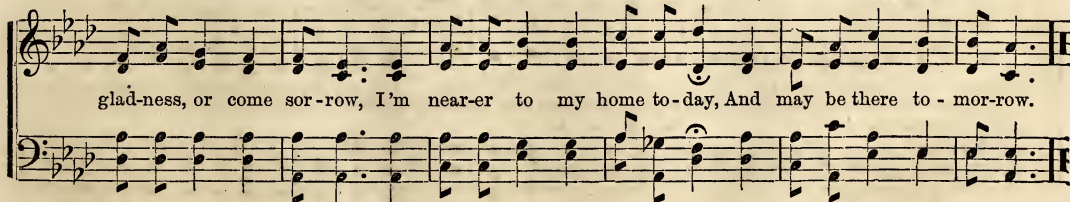


1. This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sor - row wound me; But mer - cy tem - pers  
2. The tear may fall, the heart may bleed, And all look dark and drear - y; But love di - vine sup -

## CHORUS.



eve - ry blow, And goodness smiles a - round me. Then let my lot be what it may, Come  
plies my need, And cheers the spir - it wea - ry. Then let my lot be what it may, etc.



glad - ness, or come sor - row, I'm near - er to my home to - day, And may be there to - mor - row.

3. As falls the leaf when touched by frost,  
So loved ones fall around me;  
But 't is by mercy's hand are loosed  
The ties that fondly bound me.
4. With heart resigned, I bid adieu  
To those who love, but leave me;  
My home, my heavenly home's in  
view,  
Where death shall ne'er bereave me.
5. My heavenly home, where Jesus  
reigns!  
When I behold thy glory,  
I'll walk thy ever-verdant plains,  
And sing redemption's story.

## A Happy New-Year to Thee.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. A hap-py New-year to thee, fa-ther, a hap-py New-year to thee! Oh, could I thy por-tion ap-  
 2. A hap-py New-year to thee, mother, a hap-py New-year to thee! I think of thy toils and thy

point, father, How bless-ed that por-tion should be. Thy pathway I'd strew with bright flow'rs, father, And  
 tears, mother, And moved by love's el-o-quent plea, My stud-y shall dai-ly be this, mother, To

wing every moment with joy; No sorrow should ruffle thy brow, fa-ther, No cankering care should annoy.  
 lessen the tears that may start; To lighten the toils that oppress, mother, And kindle the joy of thy heart.

3. A happy New-year to thee, brother,  
 A happy New-year to thee;  
 The future is closed to the eye, brother,  
 And we will not wish for the key;  
 But joy shall be blended with joy, brother  
 If smoothly we glide through the year;

If walking the valley of grief, brother,  
 Then tear shall be mingled with tear.

4. A happy New-year to thee, sister,  
 A happy New-year to thee;  
 May grief never dim the bright eye, sister,  
 That beams with affection for me;

Through sunshine and showers of the past,  
 sister,  
 Our hearts 'and our homes have been  
 one;  
 And love burning bright to the last, sister,  
 Shall garnish the hours as they run.

1. Praise the Lord who reigns above, And keeps his courts below; Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness [show:

Praise him for his noble deeds; Praise him for his matchless pow'r; Him from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heav'n [adore.

2. Publish, spread to all around  
The great Immanuel's name;  
Let the gospel trumpet sound;  
Him the Prince of peace proclaim.  
Praise him, every tuneful string;  
All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the power of music bring,  
The music of the heart.

3. Him in whom they move and live,  
Let every creature sing;  
Glory to our Saviour give,  
And homage to our King.  
Hallowed be his name beneath,  
As in heaven, on earth adored;

Praise the Lord in every breath—  
Let all things praise the Lord.

### 172. Thanks and Praise.

1. MEET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace.  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be thine.

2. Thee the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,

Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease:  
Angels and archangels, all  
Praise the sacred Three in One;  
Sing and stop, and gaze and fall,  
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3. Father, God, thy love we praise  
Which gave thy Son to die;  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify;  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.



1. Gone, gone, loved one, Gone from our home; God hath re-called thee In thy youthful bloom:

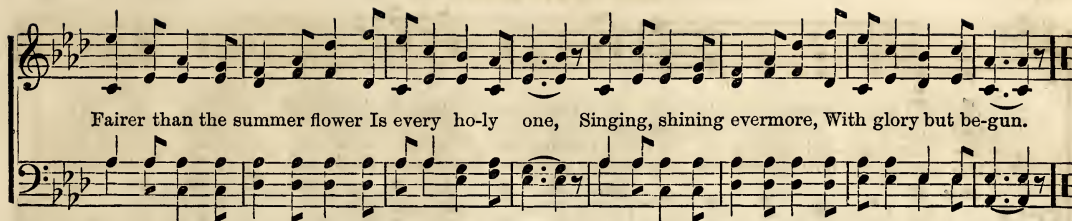
Death's i - cy fin-gers Rest up-on thee now; Still beau-ty lin-gers On thy pal-lid brow.

- |                           |                             |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2. Gone, gone, loved one, | While we are weeping        | 3. Gone, gone, loved one, | Sin and temptation            |
| Gone to thy tomb;         | O'er the hallowed ground,   | Gone to the blest;        | Were thy sorrow <i>here</i> , |
| But 't is not cheerless,  | Thou art but sleeping       | Earth had its pleasures,  | Then full salvation           |
| Hope dispels its gloom:   | Till the trump shall sound. | But 't was not thy rest:  | Is thy portion <i>there</i> . |

### 174. O'er the Flowing River.

A. A. G.

1. O'er the flow-ing riv-er, Lit-tle chil-dren stand, Free from sin for ev-er, Hap-py in that land.



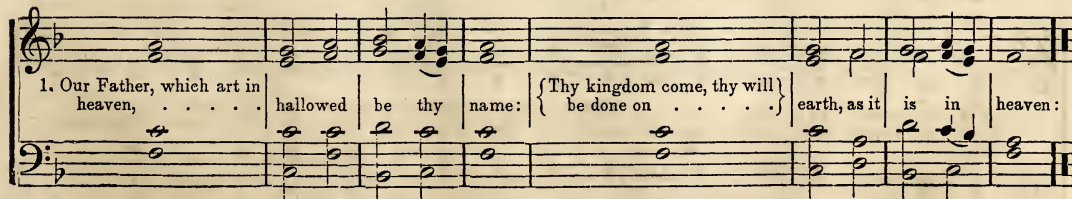
Fairer than the summer flower Is every ho-ly one, Singing, shining evermore, With glory but be-gun.

2. Once their eyes were streaming  
With the tears of woe;  
Now with rapture beaming,  
Not a tear they know:  
Crowns of glory now they wear,  
And ever as they rove,  
O'er the tuneful harps they bear  
Their skilful fingers move.

3. 'Twas Immanuel sought them,  
Straying from the fold;  
With a price he bought them,  
Dearer far than gold;  
Not the treasures of the mine,  
Not bleating flocks he gave;  
Blood he shed—'twas blood divine,  
To sanctify and save.

4. Little saints in glory,  
Guilty though I be,  
I have learned the story,  
"Jesus died for me."  
Ransomed by his blood divine,  
My Saviour I will love;  
Bear his cross, then rise and join  
Your shining band above.

### 175. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.



1. Our Father, which art in heaven, . . . . hallowed be thy name: {Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . .} earth, as it is in heaven:

2. Give us this . . . . day our dai-ly bread; {And forgive us our trespass-  
es, as we forgive . . .} them that tres-pass a-  
gainst us;  
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-- liv-er us from evil; {For thine is the kingdom, and  
the power, and the glory, for} ev-er. A - - - men.

## The Little Graves.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. { Oh the green grass waves o'er the si - lent graves, Where the loved and the lost we lay; }  
 { And you shed a tear as you lin - ger here, At the close of a sum - mer day. }  
 2. { In your youth - ful prime, in your sweet spring time, You may sink in the si - lent tomb; }  
 { Tho' your cheek now glows like the blush - ing rose, Death may steal all its ra - dian - t bloom; }

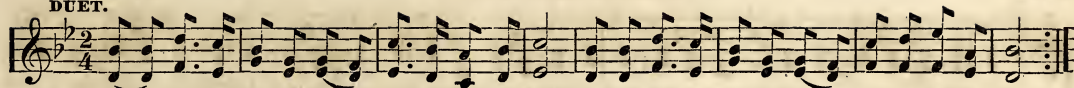
As you look a - round o'er the hal - lowed ground, Lit - tle graves here and there you'll see;  
 And the bell may toll for a youth - ful soul Fled a - way to the God who gave;

And they seem to say, as you thith - er stray, "There's a grave in this ground for thee."  
 While the mould - ring clay from the light of day Shall be hid in the cold, cold grave.

3. Oh, be wise to-day, nor presume to say  
 To the voice that would woo and win,  
 "Go thy way this time, 't is my youthful prime;  
 When I'm old I will turn from sin."

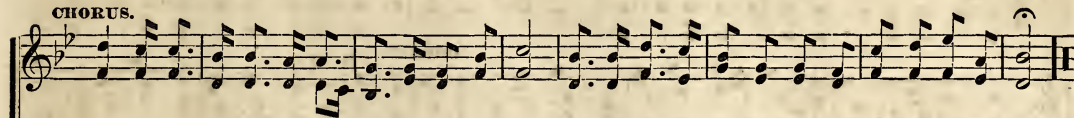
Shun the downward path, for it leads to wrath;  
 While a child to the Saviour fly;  
 And the tears they shed o'er your earthy bed  
 Shall be turned into joy on high.

## DUET.

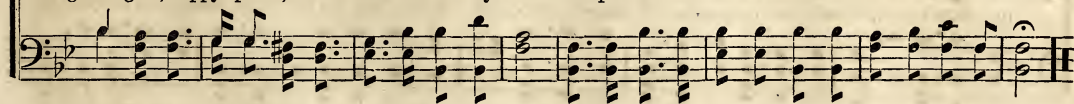


1. { Come, children, kindly gather Round this form belov'd, Whence so soon our heav'nly Father Hath the soul remov'd. }  
 Soul, leave the bod-y mor-tal Safe with us at rest, Pass beyond the golden portal To thy Saviour's breast. }

## CHORUS.



Bright angels, happy spirits, Watch with star-like eyes O'er the spot whence at Christ's summons His beloved shall rise.



2. Eyes full of love and gladness,  
 Quiet now in sleep,  
 Closed on all our sin and sadness,  
 Never more to weep—  
 Unclose now with bliss amazing  
 In the realms of peace;  
 Burst to sight, with rapture gazing  
 On the Saviour's face.—CHO.
3. Hark, 'mid the radiant dawning,  
 Where night comes no more,  
 Sweet-toned bells of Sabbath morning  
 Sound from that far shore.  
 Lo, cherub forms that hover,  
 Bearing thee away;  
 So farewell, thy night is over,  
 Lost in endless day.—CHO.

## 178. A Hymn of Praise.

May be sung responsively.

1. GLORY to the Father give—  
 Praise him and adore,  
 God in whom we move and live—  
 Praise him evermore.  
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear—  
 Praise him and adore;  
 Children's songs delight his ear—  
 Praise him evermore.

## CHORUS.

Praise, glory, honor, blessing  
 To the King of heaven—  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Be for ever given.

2. Glory to the Son we bring—  
 Praise him and adore,  
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King—  
 Praise him evermore.  
 Children, raise your sweetest strain—  
 Praise him and adore;  
 To the Lamb, for he was slain—  
 Praise him evermore.—CHO.
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost—  
 Praise him and adore;  
 He reclaims the sinner lost—  
 Praise him evermore.  
 Children's minds doth he inspire—  
 Praise him and adore;  
 Touch their tongues with holy fire—  
 Praise him evermore.—CHO.



1. This life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win, And Christ is the Captain of

## CHORUS.

our little band; Whatev-er op-pos-es, for him we will stand. Then stand up for Jesus, whatev-er be-fall; On

Calvary's mountain he stood for us all; Then stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

2. To God for our armor we'll fail not to go,  
 He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;  
 The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,  
 And the good "shield of faith" from all harm shall  
 defend.—CHO.

3. Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,  
 Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"

While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,  
 Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—CHO.

4. Though little temptations—the worst ones of all—  
 Will often beset us to make us to fall,  
 We'll stand up for Jesus, and when life is o'er,  
 For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.  
 CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, etc.

1. We are on our jour - ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone ; We shall meet a - round his

throne When he makes his peo - ple one In the new Je - ru - - sa - - lem, In the

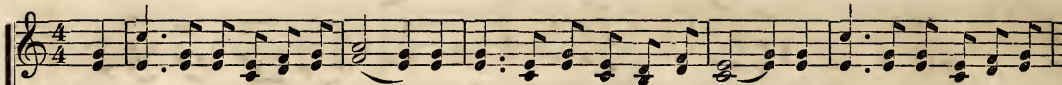
new Je - ru - sa - lem ; When he makes his peo - ple one In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

2. We can see that distant home,  
 Tho' clouds roll dark between;  
 Faith views the radiant dome,  
 And a lustre flashes keen  
 From the new Jerusalem.

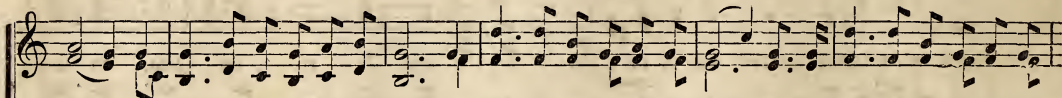
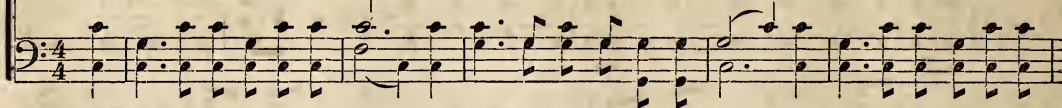
3. Oh glory shining far  
 From the never-setting sun;  
 Oh trembling morning star,  
 Our journey's almost done  
 To the new Jerusalem.

4. Our hearts are breaking now  
 Those mansions fair to see;  
 O Lord, thy heavens bow,  
 And raise us up with thee  
 To the new Jerusalem.

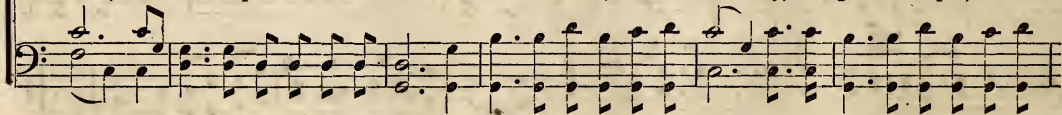
## The Still Small Voice.



1. Oft as I rove, in thoughtless mood, A - long life's now-ery, sun-ny road, Unconscious how the path may  
 2. From day to day that voice I hear, And oftenest when no friend is near—When on some se-cret purpose

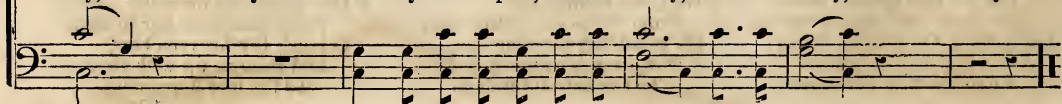


end, Unheeding where my footsteps tend, I hear a voice which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come a -  
 bent, Or on some pleasure too in - tent— A still small voice, which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come a -



way, Come a - way!  
 way, Come a - way!

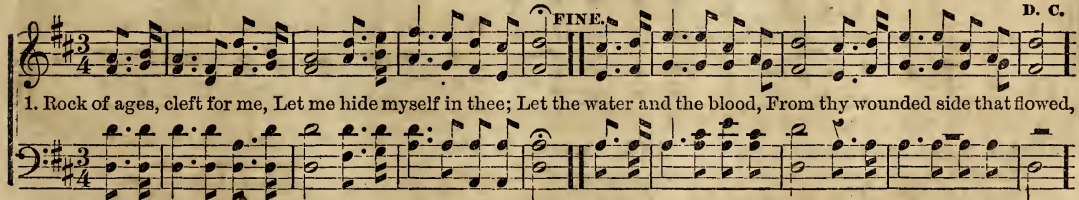
Soft - ly it whispers, Come a - way, Come a - - way, Come a - - way!  
 Soft - ly it whispers, Come a - way, Come a - - way, Come a - - way!



- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3. At times perchance too near I tread<br/>Some cruel quicksand's treach'rous bed,<br/>Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare,<br/>Some spot where death is in the air;<br/>Then comes that warning voice to say,<br/>In a gentle whisper, Come away,<br/>Come away!<br/>Softly it whispers, Come away,<br/>Come away!</p> | <p>4. Some foe with radiant beauty drapes<br/>Temptation in a thousand shapes,<br/>And many a glittering prize is given<br/>To lure me far from home and heaven;<br/>But never fails that voice to say,<br/>With its gentle whisper, Come away,<br/>Come away!<br/>Softly it whispers, Come away,<br/>Come away!</p> | <p>5. Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend,<br/>Be with me always to life's end,<br/>Till He who keeps my heav'nly crown<br/>Shall send his loving angel down,<br/>Upon my brow his hand to lay,<br/>And kindly bid me, Come away,<br/>Come away!<br/>And softly whisper, Come away,<br/>Come away!</p> |
|--|--|---|

182. Rock of Ages. 7s.

HASTINGS.  
D. C.



1. Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,

Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2. Not the labor of my hands<br/>Can fulfil the law's demands:<br/>Could my zeal no respite know,<br/>Could my tears for ever flow,<br/>All for sin could not atone;<br/>Thou must save, and thou alone.</p> | <p>4. While I draw this fleeting breath,<br/>When mine eyelids close in death,<br/>When I soar to worlds unknown,<br/>See thee on thy judgment throne,<br/>Rock of ages, cleft for me,<br/>Let me hide myself in thee. <small>TOPLADY.</small></p> | <p>"Love's redeeming work is done;<br/>Come and welcome, sinner, come!<br/>2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,<br/>Why beneath thy burdens groan?<br/>On thy pierced body laid,<br/>Justice owns the ransom paid;<br/>Bow the knee, and kiss the Son, etc.<br/>3. "Soon the days of life shall end;<br/>Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,<br/>Safe your spirits to convey<br/>To the realms of endless day—<br/>Up to my eternal home," etc.</p> |
|---|--|--|

183. Invitation.

1. From the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear  
Bursting on the ravished ear:



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home: Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home:

Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on eve-ry hand; Heaven is my fa-therland, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage;  
Heaven is my home;  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast,  
I shall reach home at last;  
Heaven is my home.

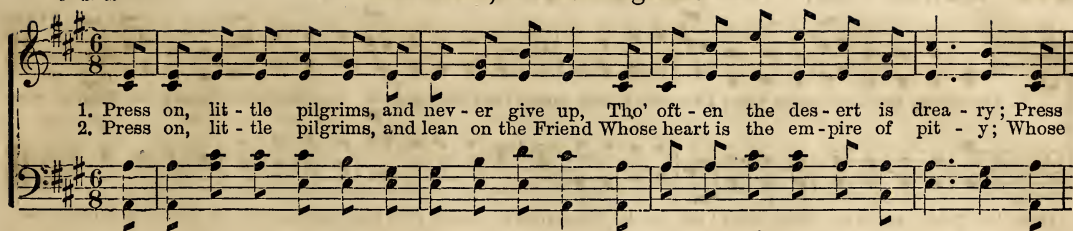
3. There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home:  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best;  
There too I soon shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.

### 185. Nearer to Thee.

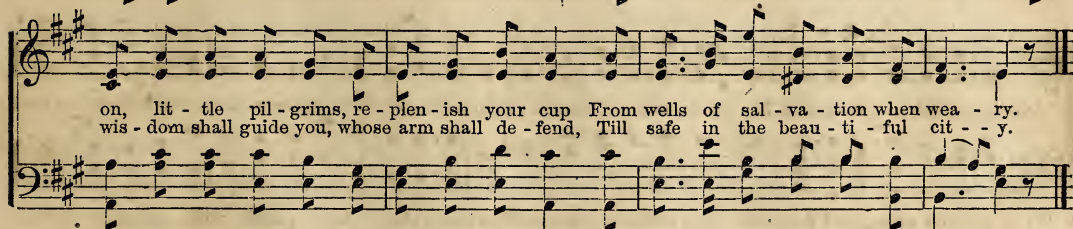
1. NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee:  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
2. Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
3. There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

4. Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
5. Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

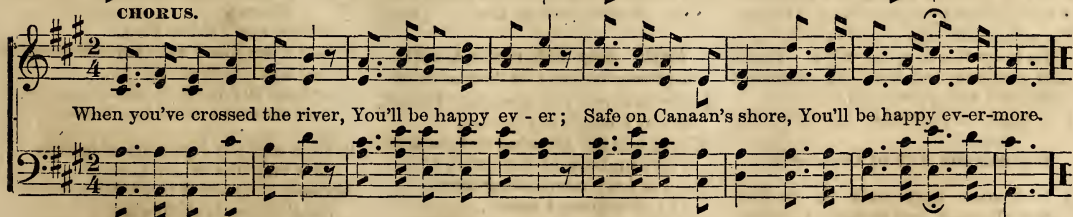


1. Press on, lit - tle pilgrims, and nev - er give up, Tho' oft - en the des - ert is drea - ry; Press  
2. Press on, lit - tle pilgrims, and lean on the Friend Whose heart is the em - pire of pit - y; Whose



on, lit - tle pil - grims, re - plen - ish your cup From wells of sal - va - tion when wea - ry.  
wis - dom shall guide you, whose arm shall de - fend, Till safe in the beau - ti - ful cit - - y.

## CHORUS.



When you've crossed the river, You'll be happy ev - er; Safe on Canaan's shore, You'll be happy ev - er - more.

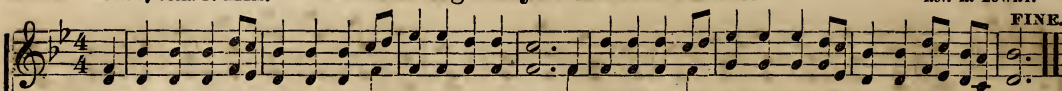
3. Press on, little pilgrims, and never retreat  
When Satan comes forth to annoy you;  
The darts which he hurls with a merciless hate,  
May wound, but shall never destroy you.—CHO.

4. Press on, little pilgrims, your home is in view;  
Its doors are thrown wide to receive you;  
A bright crown of glory is laid up for you,  
And sorrow and sin shall soon leave you.—CHO.

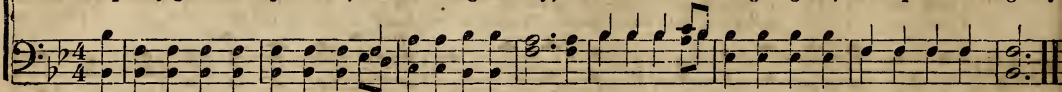
## The Shining Way. C. M. Double.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

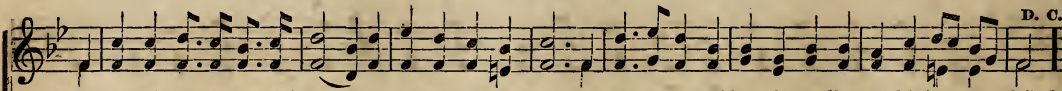
FINE.



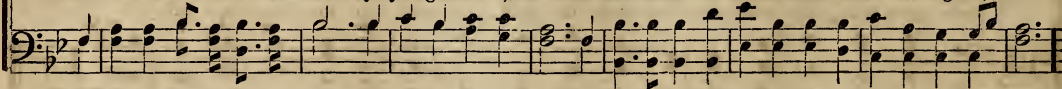
1. The pearly gates are open wide, I see the bright array; On either side the angels glide, To keep the shining way.



CHO. The pearly gates are open wide, I see the bright array; On either side the angels glide, To keep the shining way.



And little children learn to find The way by angels trod, Where Christ's redeemed in union walk The shining way of God.



2. When storms arise, and darkness  
The faithful pilgrims' way, [clouds  
On either side the angels glide,  
To keep the shining way; [light  
And brighter gleams the morning  
Behind the gentle rod,  
For Christ's redeemed more clearly  
see  
The shining way of God.—CHO.

3. And soon they walk the golden  
Not slighted and alone; [streets,  
On either side the angels glide,  
To lead them to the throne:  
And there they'll wear a starry crown  
Who once did tire and plod,

For Christ's redeemed as kings shall  
The shining way of God. [tread

## 188. The Pilgrim's Guide.

Repeating the first four lines as chorus.

1. My Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?  
Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.  
2. My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,

And march with courage in thy  
strength,  
To see my Father God.  
When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

3. How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King;  
My soul redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.  
Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;  
With this delightful song,  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long. WATTS.



## Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where; in all the bright for -  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor When our storm-y voyage is o'er; Shall we meet and cast the

CHORUS.  
 ev - - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we  
 an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore— Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall, etc.

meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

3. Where the music of the ransomed  
 Rolls in harmony around,  
 And creation swells the chorus  
 With its sweet melodious sound?
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
 Torn on earth from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we hear him bid us welcome,  
 And sit down upon his throne?



1. There's a land of peer-less beau-ty, And of glo-ry all un-told, Where no shad-ow ev-er

And with love each bo-som

falleth, Where no sunny face grows old; Where the crystal river floweth, With the tree up-on its banks,

glow-eth In the bright ce-lestial ranks.

2. Oh to reach that clime of gladness,  
Be it all my soul's desire;  
Whether joy be mine, or sadness,  
Upward still would I aspire.  
Brief the pang my heart that rendeth,  
Brief the joy that swells it here;  
But the rapture never endeth  
Of that pure and blessed sphere.
3. There is Jesus, my Redeemer,  
With the many crowns he wears,  
And the scars of earthly wounding,  
Precious tokens which he bears;

There the angels, all so glorious,  
In the outer circle stand,  
While the souls by faith victorious  
Are a nearer, dearer band.

4. Then, while months and years are taking  
Like a dream their flight away,  
If they bring me but the breaking  
Of the one eternal day,  
I will not regret their fleetness,  
Nor hold fast to things below,  
I will only ask a meetness  
For the bliss to which I go.

A. D. SMITH, D. D.

1. Shall we meet in heaven above, Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet in heaven above, Meet in heaven above?

Yes, if we are jus-ti-fied By the sacred crimson tide Flowing from the Saviour's side, We shall meet in heaven.

2. Shall we wear the snowy robe,  
Shall we wear, shall we wear,  
Shall we wear the snowy robe  
Worn by saints in heaven?  
Yes, if we will onward press  
In the way of holiness,  
We shall wear the snowy dress  
Worn by saints in heaven.
3. Shall we strike the golden harp,  
Shall we strike, shall we strike,  
Shall we strike the golden harp,  
With the choir in heaven?  
Yes, if from the heart we sing  
Praises to our Saviour King,

- We shall strike the tuneful string  
With the choir in heaven.
4. Shall we wear a glorious crown,  
Shall we wear, shall we wear,  
Shall we wear a glorious crown  
On a throne in heaven?  
Yes, if we the conflict share,  
Every cross with patience bear,  
We that glorious crown shall wear  
On a throne in heaven.

Floats a world, whose radiant light  
Never fades away.  
Who shall find admittance there?  
Who its boundless joy shall share?  
Who within its mansions fair  
Pass that endless day?

2. You and I may enter there  
If we will, if we will;  
Christ for us will homes prepare  
Free from every ill:  
If we all our sins confess,  
He'll convey us by his grace,  
Robed in his own righteousness,  
There with him to dwell.

### 192. The World Above.

1. High above yon stars of night,  
Far away, far away,

## Beautiful Land.

Words and Music by Rev. E. LOWRY.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright, Beau - ti - ful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night—

Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth in end-less day: Je -

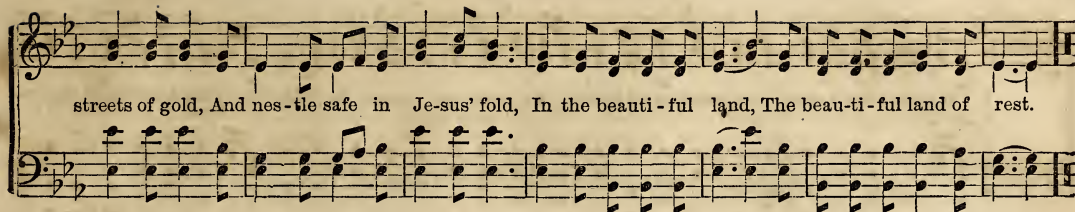
*f* ru - sa - lem, *p* The beau - ti - ful land of rest! *f* Je - ru - sa - lem, *p* The beau - ti - ful land of rest!

DUET.

rit.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land! We wait im - pa - tient to behold The gates of pearl, the



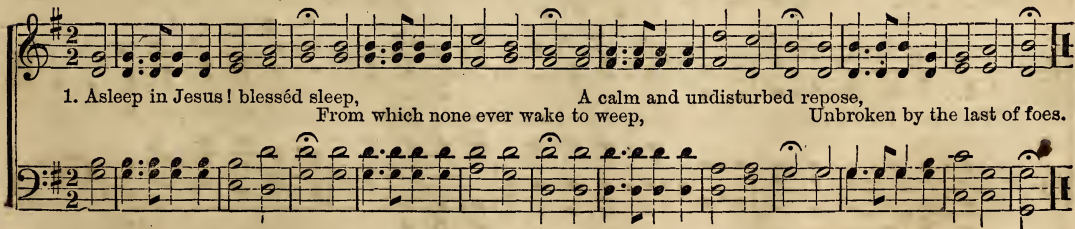
2. Jerusalem, for ever free,  
 Beautiful land of rest,  
 The soul's sweet home of liberty,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,  
 The ransomed there will never know.

Jerusalem,  
 The beautiful land of rest!  
 CHO.—We wait, etc.

3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,  
 Beautiful land of rest,

Thy pearly gates almost appear,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 And when we tread thy lovely shore,  
 We'll sing the song we've sung before,  
 Jerusalem,  
 The beautiful land of rest!—CHO.

### 194. Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

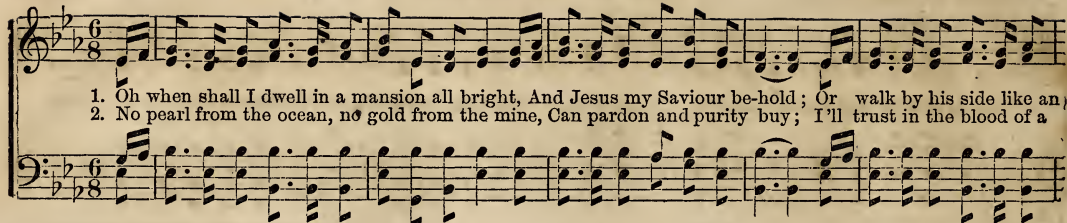


2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet;  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death has lost its venom'd sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

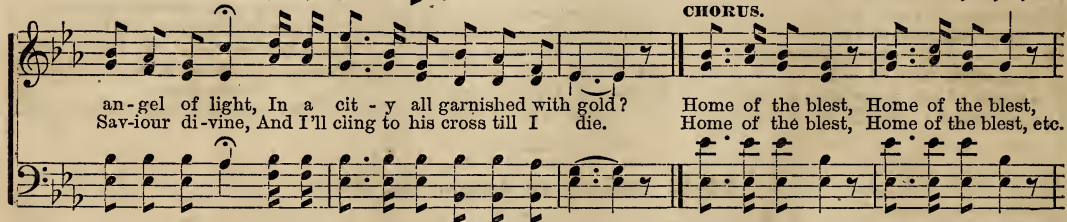
4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be:  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 And wait the summons from on high.



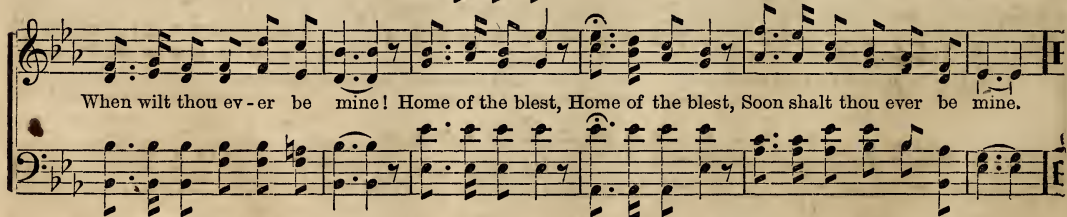


1. Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus my Saviour be-hold; Or walk by his side like an  
2. No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the mine, Can pardon and purity buy; I'll trust in the blood of a

**CHORUS.**



an-gel of light, In a cit-y all garnished with gold? Home of the blest, Home of the blest,  
Sav-iour di-vine, And I'll cling to his cross till I die. Home of the blest, Home of the blest, etc.

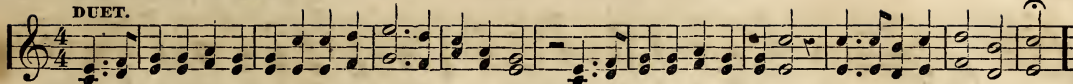


When wilt thou ev-er be mine! Home of the blest, Home of the blest, Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

3. Though light are the sorrows that burden a child,  
And fleeting the tempest of woe,  
I long for the land that was never defiled;  
To the home of the blest would I go.—Сно.

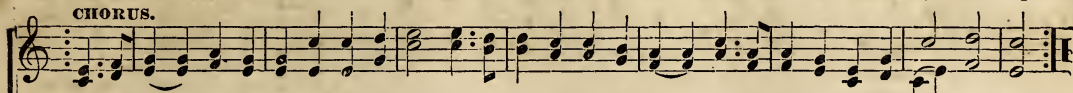
4. But while I'm a stranger away from my home,  
I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;  
I'll carry the cross while I think of the crown,  
And I'll watch for the break of the day.—Сно.

## DUET.

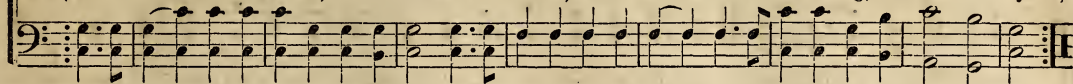


1. In the Christian's home in glory,  
There remains a land of rest;  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfil my soul's request.

## CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. }  
{ On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }



2. He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.—CHO.  
3. Death itself shall then be van-  
quished,  
And its sting shall be withdrawn;  
Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn.  
CHO.—There is rest, etc.

Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse hath passed away.  
3. There the Lamb our Shepherd leads  
By the streams of life along, [us  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.  
4. Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Never more are sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.  
CHO.—There is rest, etc. BONA.

2. Hither come, for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.—CHO.

## 199. Christ our Peace.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power. CHO.  
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
Faith he gives and true repentance.  
Every grace that brings you nigh.  
3. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.—CHO.

## 197. The Eternal Home.

THIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come;  
Onward to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.—CHO.  
2. In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day;

## 198. Rest in Christ.

1. COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.  
CHO.—There is rest, etc.

## The Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.

SAB. HYMN AND TUNE BOOK. BY PERMISSION.

1. My days are gliding swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those

just be-fore, the shining shore We

## FINE. CHORUS.

Al Segno

hours of toil and dan - ger: For Oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And

may al-most dis-cov - er.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left our word,  
Let every lamp be burning.  
CHO.—For Oh, we stand, etc.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home  
For ever, Oh, for ever.

## 201. The Sweetest Name.

1. THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name, before his wondrous birth,  
To Christ the Saviour given.  
CHO.—We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him "blessed Jesus;"  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as JESUS.
2. His human name they did proclaim,  
When Abram's son they sealed him;  
The name that still, by God's good will,  
DELIVERER revealed him.

3. And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote this name above him,  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.
4. So now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns  
The Prince and Saviour JESUS.

### 202. The Strayed Lamb.

1. A GIDDY lamb, one afternoon,  
Had from the fold departed;  
The tender shepherd missed it soon,  
And sought it broken-hearted.  
Not all the flock that shared his love  
Could from the search delay him,  
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,  
Nor fear of suffering stay him.
2. But night and day he went his way  
In sorrow till he found it;  
He saw it where it fainting lay,  
He clasped his arms around it;  
And closely sheltered in his breast,  
From every ill to save it,  
He took it to his home of rest,  
And pitied and forgave it.
3. And thus the Saviour will receive  
The little ones who fear him;  
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,  
And draw them gently near him—

Blest while they live; and when they die,  
When soul and body sever,  
Conduct them to his home on high,  
To dwell with him for ever. Young Reapers

### 203. Heavenly Mansions.

1. I SEE in heaven those mansions bright,  
The noonday sun outshining,  
For those who feel the Saviour's love  
Around their hearts entwining.

CHORUS.

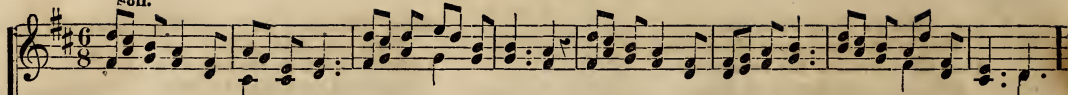
- Oh, happy they who reach that place  
Where sorrow cometh never—  
Who rest within his loving arms  
For ever and for ever.
2. If I could hear my Saviour say,  
"Thy sins are all forgiven,"  
Then I could see a shining house  
Awaiting me in heaven.  
CHO.—Oh, happy they, etc.
  3. Look how the children at his feet  
Their tiny crowns are flinging,  
While angels on their downy wings  
The latest born are bringing.  
CHO.—Oh, happy they, etc.
  4. Yes, I will love my Saviour now,  
And serve him in life's morning;  
For I can see the house on high  
Of his own hand's adorning.  
CHO.—Oh, happy they, etc.



## We're Going Home.

A. A. G.

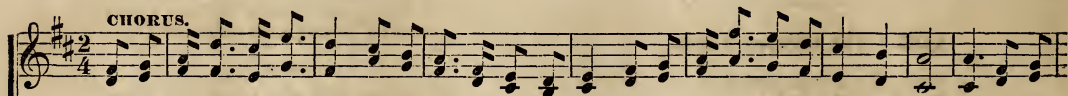
Solo.



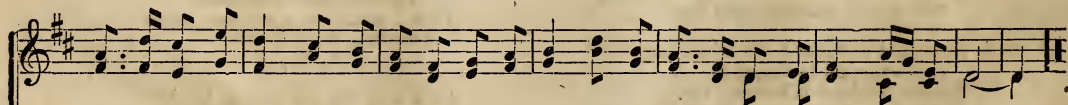
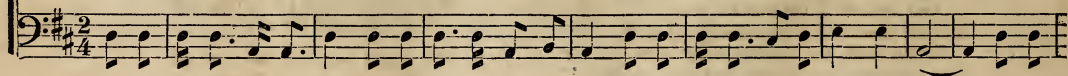
1. Youthful pilgrims, whither bound Thro' this vale so fearful? Passing o'er enchanted ground, Why are you so cheerful?  
 2. Tell us why, when pleasure woos, You will not believe her? Tell us why the heart you close On the gay deceiver?



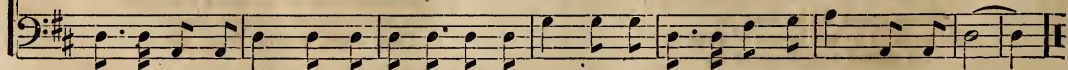
CHORUS.



Oh we're going, go-ing home to our hap-py, hap-py home, To the cit-y of our Sav-iour King, Where the



golden crown they wear, and the palm of vic-t'ry bear, And they strike the golden harp as they sing.



3. When from ambush Satan's dart  
 Wounds the pilgrim weary,  
 Where's the balm to ease the smart  
 In the desert dreary?—CHO.

4. But the deep cold river see,  
 Pilgrims, just before you;  
 What will then your solace be  
 When its waves roll o'er you?—CHO.

5. Pilgrims of the Saviour King,  
 Earth's temptations scorning,  
 We will join your band and sing  
 In life's sunny morning:—CHO.

1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land ; My Fa-ther calls me,

CHORUS.  
I must go to meet him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a

way, I'll a-way to the promised land. My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, 3. I have a crown in the promised land, 4. :|| I hope to meet you in the prom-  
 I have a Saviour in the promised land; I have a crown in the promised land; ised land, ||:  
 My Saviour calls me, I must go When Jesus calls me, I must go At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
 To meet him in the promised land. To wear it in the promised land. We'll praise him in the promised land.  
 CHO.—I'll away, I'll away, etc. CHO.—I'll away, I'll away, etc. CHO.—We'll away, we'll away, etc.

1. Ye 'angels who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face, In rap-turous songs make him

When oth-ers sunk down in de -

known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise: He form'd you the spirits you are, So happy, so no-ble, so good;

spair, Confirmed by his power ye stood.

2. Ye saints who stand nearer than I want to be one of your choir,  
 they, And tune my sweet harp to his  
 And cast your bright crowns at his I want, Oh I want to be there, [name:  
 feet, Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
 His grace and his glory display, Your joy and your friendship to share,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat; To wonder and worship with you.  
 He snatched you from hell and the DE FLEURY.  
 grave, [spair:  
 He ransomed from death and de-  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

He knows I am weak and defiled,  
 My life is but empty and vain;  
 But if he will make me his child,  
 I'll never forsake him again.

2. This day he invites me to come,  
 How kindly he bids me draw  
 near;

He offers me heaven for home,  
 And wipes off the penitent tear;  
 He offers to pardon my sin,  
 And keep me from every snare,  
 To sprinkle and cleanse me within,  
 And show me his tenderest care.

## 207. The Sabbath.

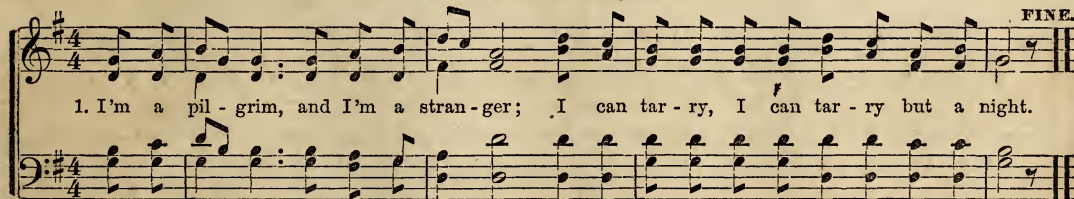
3. I want to put on my attire, [Lamb;  
 Washed white in the blood of the  
 1. How sweet is the Sabbath to me,  
 The day when the Saviour arose;  
 'T is heaven his beauties to see,  
 And in his soft arms to repose.

208. Realms of the Blest.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
- From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!
- Do thou, Lord, 'midst gladness or woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

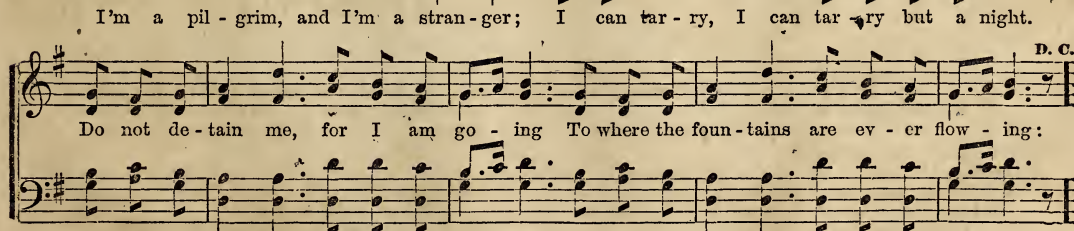
209. I'm a Pilgrim.

**FINE.**



1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.



Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing:

**D. C.**

2. There the glory is ever shining!  
Oh my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
3. There's the city to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any sin there, nor any dying!  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.



## Homeward Bound.

**FINE.**

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride—We're homeward bound, home - ward bound ; }  
 Tossed on the waves of a rough rest - less tide—We're homeward bound, home - ward bound. }

Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed—We're homeward bound, home - ward bound.

**D. C.**

Far from the safe qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—  
 We're homeward bound;  
 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—  
 We're homeward bound.  
 Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;  
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:  
 Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—  
 We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
 We're homeward bound;  
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng—  
 We're homeward bound.

Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,  
 Join in our number, Oh come and be blest;  
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest—  
 We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven we glide—  
 We're home at last;  
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—  
 We're home at last.  
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
 "Glory to God!" we will shout evermore;  
 We're home at last!

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spir - its a - bove, }  
 { Je - sus our Sav - iour in mer - cy says, Come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home. }

Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low, Soon to the pres - ence of God we shall go;

Then if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;  
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
 Singing to cheer us while passing along,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."  
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low;  
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow:  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;  
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan, we'll roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## The Lovely Land.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-  
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flowers: Death, like a nar-row

CHORUS.

cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.      Oh the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's  
 sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.      Oh the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jordan, etc.

foam; On the gold-en strand wait the hap-py, hap-py band, To wel-come the ran-somed home.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.
4. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And view the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes;
5. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold  
 Should fright us from the shore.

*mf*

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love; Beautiful gates of pearl - y

*Cres.* *f* *mp*

white, Beau-ti-ful tem - ple, God its light. { He who was slain on Cal - - va - ry, }  
 { O - pens those pearl - - y gates to me. }

*f* *Repeat pp*

Zi - - on, Zi - on, love - - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light;  
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;  
 Beautiful strains that never tire;  
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.  
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.  
 Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
 Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;  
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
 Beautiful all who enter there.  
 Thither I press with eager feet;  
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
 Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.

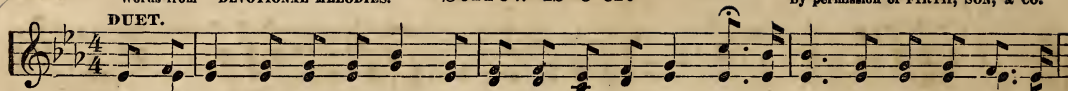
4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,  
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;  
 Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;  
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.  
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;  
 Haste to his heavenly home with me.  
 Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.



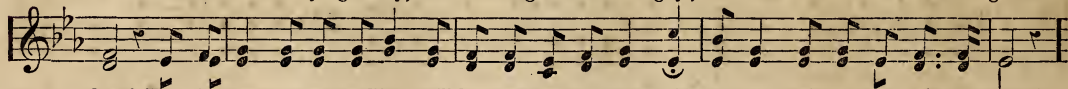
## Sorrow is O'er.

By permission of FIRTH, SON, &amp; CO.

## DUET.

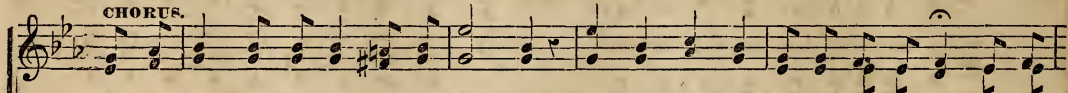


1. What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flow-ing tears? What are all the sor-rows I de-  
 2. I seek not earth-ly glo-ry, nor min-gle with the gay; I de-sire not this world's gild-ed

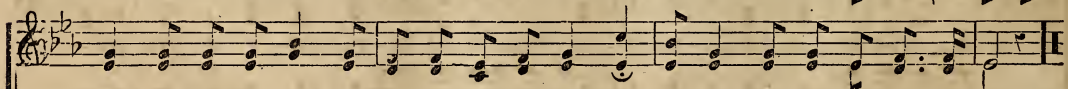
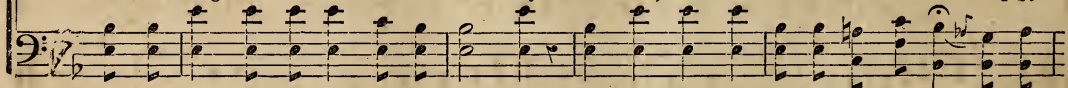


plore? There's a song ev-er swelling, still lin-gers on my ears, "Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more."  
 store: There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day, "Oh, sorrow shall come a-gain no more."

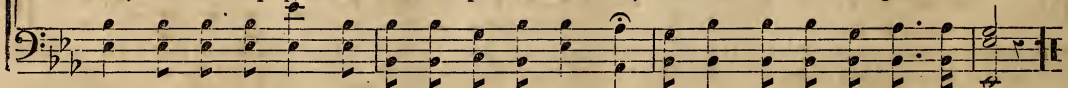
## CHORUS.



'Tis a song from the home of the wea--ry: "Sor-row, sor-row is for ev-er o'er: Hap-py



now, ev-er hap-py on Canaan's peaceful shore. Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more."



3. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
 'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore; [grave:  
 'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's  
 "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—CHO.
4. 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,  
 Where the conflict and the strife are o'er;  
 When the saved ones for ever in joyous notes prolong,  
 "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—CHO.

## 215. Welcome.

1. **HAPPY** shepherds in Judah, that heard the angel host  
 Pouring out on earth the joy of heaven;  
 But the chorals of angels in silence all are lost,  
 When Jesus one word of love has given.

CHO. 'Tis a voice from the brightness of glory:  
 "Welcome, welcome to my home of joy:  
 Come to me, all ye weary, ye heavy-laden, come;  
 I'll give you a rest without alloy."

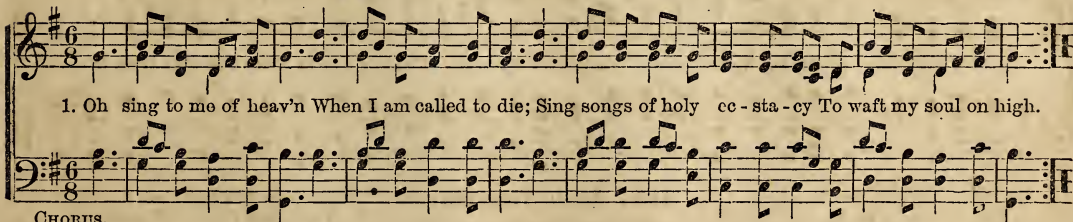
2. He is Lord of earth and heaven, and his almighty power  
 Can redeem from Satan and from hell;  
 He can hush Sinai's thunder, and in the final hour  
 Can take us with him in bliss to dwell.—CHO.

3. Let us hear then our Saviour, whatever be his word,  
 And his lightest whisper well obey;  
 That in peril and sorrow we still may hear our Lord  
 Bid our sorrows and perils flee away.

CHO.—'Tis a voice from the brightness, etc.

## 216. No Sorrow There. S. M.

DUNBAR.



1. Oh sing to me of heav'n When I am called to die; Sing songs of holy ec - sta - cy To waft my soul on high.

## CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there; In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops  
 Roll off my marble brow,  
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness;  
 Let heaven begin below.

3. Then to my raptured ear  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let music charm me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven.

4. When round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love,

Then sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,  
 My glorious home above.

May angels guard us while we sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.

## 217. Evening Hymn.

1. THE day is past and gone,  
 The evening shades appear;  
 Oh may we all remember well  
 The night of death draws near.

2. Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 Secure from all our fears;

3. And when we early rise,  
 And view th' unwearied sun,  
 May we set out to win the prize,  
 And after glory run.

4. And when our days are past,  
 And we from time remove,  
 Oh may we in thy bosom rest,  
 The bosom of thy love.

## A Crown of Glory Bright.

JOHN M. EVANS.

CHORUS.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright By faith I see, In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home,

nearer my home, nearer my home to-day; Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day Than ever I've been before.

2. Oh may I faithful prove,  
The crown in view,  
And through the storms of life  
My way pursue.—CHO.

3. Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My steps attend;  
Oh keep me near thy side;  
Be thou my friend.—CHO.

4. Be thou my shield and sun,  
My guide and guard;  
And when my work is done,  
My great reward.  
CHO.—I'm nearer my home, etc.

## 219. Little Travellers.

May be sung to REFUGE, No. 54.

1. LITTLE travellers Zionward,  
Each one entering into rest,  
In the kingdom of your Lord,  
In the mansions of the blest;  
There to welcome Jesus waits,  
Gives the crown his followers win;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.

2. Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,

\* Now have reached that heavenly seat  
They had ever kept in view?

"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"

"I, from India's sultry plain;"

"I, from Afric's barren sand;"

"I, from islands of the main."

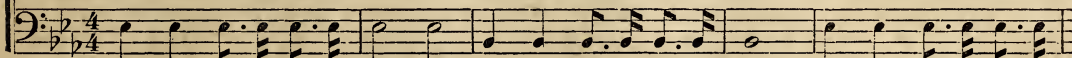
3. "All our earthly journey passed,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last

At the portal of the sky,  
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin."

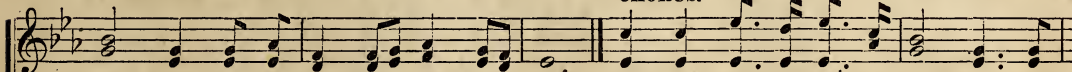
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.



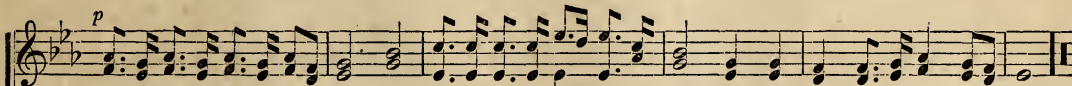
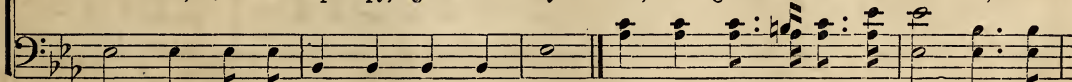
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its crys-tal tide for -  
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship



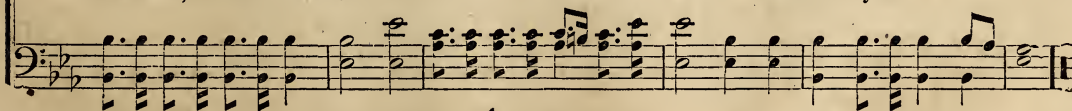
## CHORUS.



ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - - er, The  
 ev - - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - - er, etc.



beau-ti-ful, the beauti-ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.



3. Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4. At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

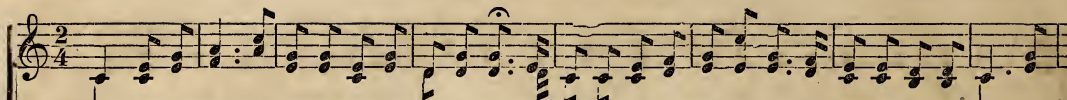
5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

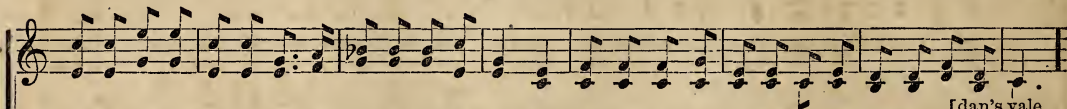
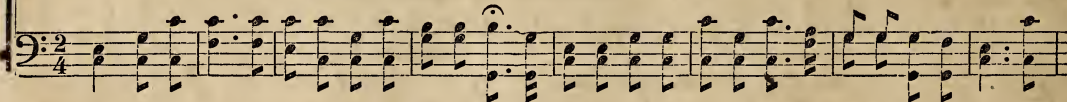


## Roll, Jordan, Roll.

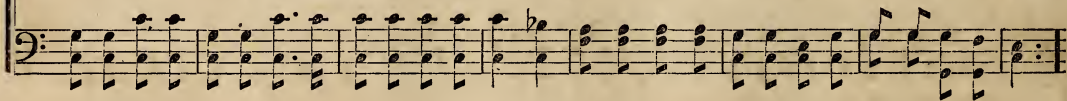
Melody popular among the Freedmen.



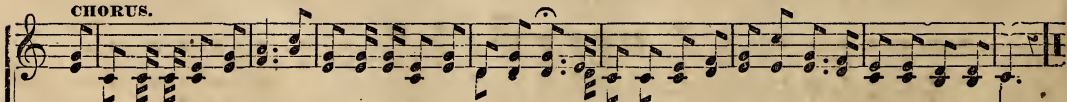
1. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll along; No ill I fear, for Christ is near, His rod and staff are strong: My  
2. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll along; Beyond thee lies fair Paradise, Where Christ's redeemed belong. Tho'



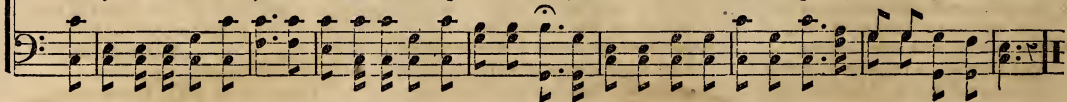
Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail; His presence dear my soul will cheer When deep in Jordan and Satan join their pow'r To plunge me in the deep, The raging foe cannot o'erthrow The soul that Christ doth keep.



## CHORUS.



Oh swiftly the Jordan rolls, Its billows are dashing on the shore; He'll bid the tide abase its pride, And bring me safely o'er.



3. Roll, Jordan, roll,  
Thy foaming waters roll along;  
The hosts of God thy bed have trod  
With trumpet and with song:  
Right through thy waves with pomp  
The fiery pillar passed, [divine

In days of yore, and brought them  
o'er  
To Canaan's land at last.—CHO.  
4. Roll, Jordan; roll,  
Thy foaming waters roll along;

Both young and old thy billows cold  
Await—an endless throng.  
Thro' fear of death tho' tremblers lie  
In bondage all their life,  
My soul aspires with warm desires  
In thee to end its strife.—CHO.

## 222. The Heaven Above.

A. A. G.

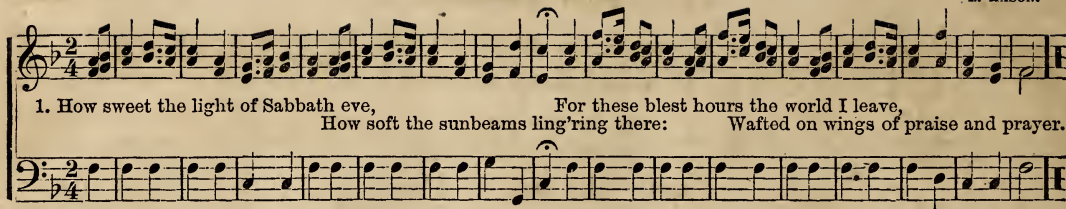
1. There's a bright, unfading crown In the heaven above, Sparkling like the dews of morn, In the heaven above.

Thousands of children there That crown of glory wear, Now safe from sin and care, In the heaven a - bove.

2. There's a robe of righteousness  
In the heaven above,  
Worn by every heir of grace,  
In the heaven above.  
Happy and undefiled,  
Many a ransomed child,  
Shines like the starlight mild,  
In the heaven above.

3. There's a tuneful harp of gold  
In the heaven above;  
Every hand a harp shall hold  
In the heaven above.  
Thousands of children sing  
Praise to their Saviour King;  
Loud sweep the tuneful string  
In the heaven above.

4. Would you strike that golden wire  
In the heaven above—  
Wear that crown and that attire  
In the heaven above?  
Come then to Jesus, come;  
Come in your youthful bloom;  
Come, for there now is room  
In the heaven above.



1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve,  
How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there: For these blest hours the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2. The time how lovely and how still! Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest  
Peace shines and smiles on all be- For ever on my Saviour's breast.  
low; [hill,  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the 3. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
All fair with evening's setting glow. For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
3. Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to  
love;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above. 4. Be near to bless me when I wake,  
Ere thro' the world my way I take;  
Abide with me till in thy love  
I lose myself in heaven above. **KEBLE.**
4. Nor will our days of toil be long,  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

EDMESTON.

## 224. Abide with Me.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near:  
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,

156

## 225. Sabbath Eve.

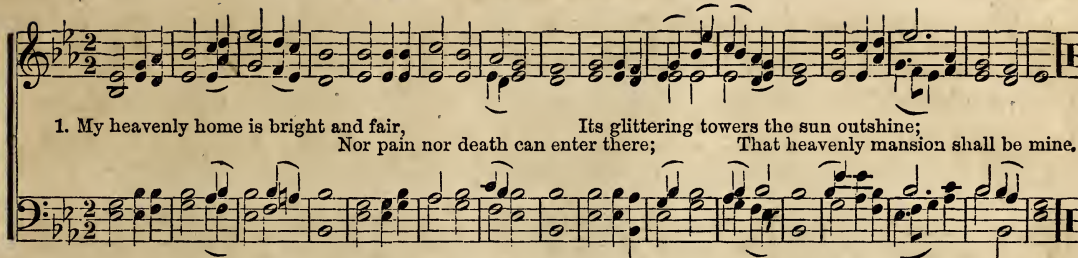
1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we  
love,  
But there's a nobler rest above:  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With ardent love and strong desire.
2. No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
3. No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the  
night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping  
hours;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3. I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS

## 226. Daily Devotion.

1. My God, how endless is thy love;  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.





1. My heavenly home is bright and fair,  
Nor pain nor death can enter there; Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky:  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. Let others seek a home below, [flow;  
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be;  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. Praise God, from whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God!

### 230. Morning Hymn.

1. God of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey thro' the skies:

2. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil  
The appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heavenly  
way.

3. But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wild maze  
To follow every wandering star.

4. Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with  
this.

WATTS.

### 229. Going to Christ.

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till him I view.

2. So glad I come, and thou, blest  
Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee as I am:  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

3. Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found;

### 228. Evening Hymn.

1. GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
L ere I sleep, at peace may be.



1. There's beauty in the sunshine, There's beauty in the showers; There's beauty in the wildwood, There's

beau-ty in the flowers: The val-ley and the mountain, The o-cean and the plain, In beau-ty robed, en-

**CHORUS.**  
trance the heart, And eve-ry sense en-chain. Beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful world,

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world; Beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world.

2. But there's a world above us  
More beautiful and pure,  
Where all that's bright and lovely  
For ever shall endure:  
No angry storms assail it,  
No blast nor sickly blight,  
No chilling winds, no burning heats,  
No dark and dreary night.—Cho.

3. We weep, for here we languish,  
But there's no sorrow there;  
The eye that fondly gazes  
Shall never shed the tear:  
No pangs of sad bereavement  
Shall pierce the mourner's heart,  
No grassy grave shall mar the ground,  
No death shall hurl the dart.

4. One season bland and vernal  
Shall bless that hallowed ground,  
And changeless and eternal  
Shall beauty smile around:  
From hunger, thirst, and weakness  
The ransomed souls are free;  
They drink the stream, they pluck the  
Of immortality.—Cho. [fruit

## 232. Sunlight.

CHORUS.

A. A. G.

1. { The sun shines bright, And it pours its light O'er the valley, the field, and flood; }  
The night-bird flies From the sun-lit skies, To his home in the leaf-y wood. } Then sleep no more, for the  
day is come, The night with its gloom has fled; With a cheerful heart fulfil your part, And the path of duty tread.

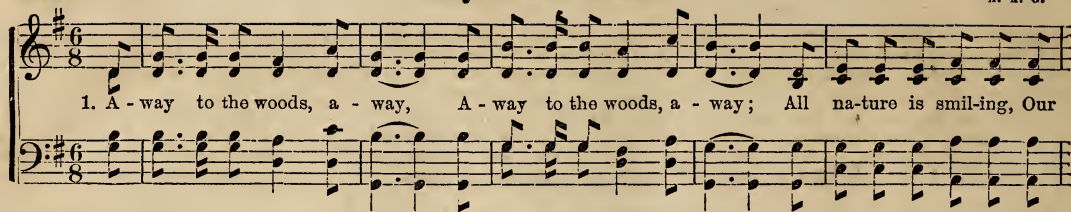
2. God's word is light,  
Like the sun so bright,  
And it shines in this Christian clime; Not a star lends its feeble ray;  
And sin retires  
From its searching fires,  
To its home in the dens of crime. CHO. And you bask in the bright broad day.

3. Poor pagans sleep  
In their gloom so deep,  
A star lends its feeble ray;  
But rays divine  
On your pathway shine,  
For the night of the grave draws nigh.

4. Then pray and toil  
For a little while,  
And the wants of the world supply;  
Do all you can,  
Whether child or man,  
For the night of the grave draws nigh.

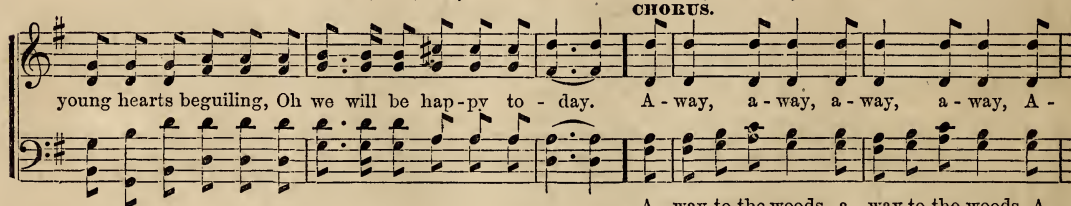
## Away to the Woods.

A. A. G.



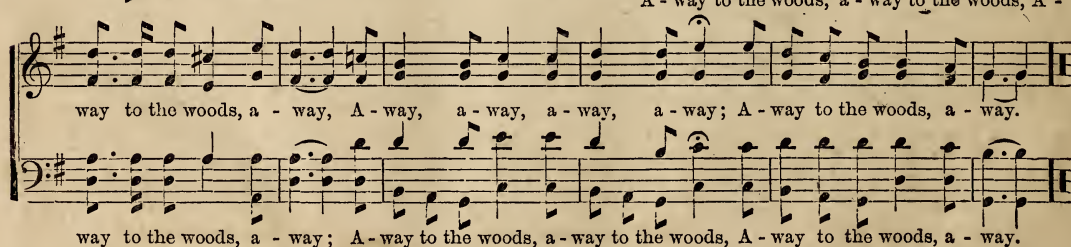
1. A - way to the woods, a - way, A - way to the woods, a - way; All na-ture is smil-ing, Our

CHORUS.



young hearts beguiling, Oh we will be hap-py to - day. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A -

A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A -



way to the woods, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way; A - way to the woods, a - way.

way to the woods, a - way; A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A - way to the woods, a - way.

2. ||: Our flag to the breezes fling, ||  
And as it waves o'er us,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
Till woodland and valley shall ring.

CHO.—Away, away, away, away,  
Away to the woods, away;  
Away, away, away, away;  
Away to the woods, away.

3. ||: Oh this is our festal day, ||  
Sweet flowerets are springing,  
Sweet songsters are singing,  
And we will be happy and gay.

4. ||: As free as the air are we; ||  
Then rally, then rally,  
From hill-top and valley,  
And join in our innocent glee.  
CHO.—Away, away, away, etc.

5. ||: We all of us love the school; ||  
And 'tis in well-doing  
We're pleasure pursuing,  
For truth is our guide and our rule.  
CHO.—Away, away, away, etc.

6. ||: Success to the school we love; ||  
It sweetens employment  
With harmless enjoyment,  
And trains for the kingdom above.  
CHO.—Away, away, away, etc.

### 234. Come where the Wild Flowers Grow.

A. A. G.

1. Come where the wild flow'rs grow, By the gushing fountain; Come where the zephyrs blow Over plain and mountain;

Come where the streamlets dance, Light as sportive childhood; Come where the sunbeams dance Thro' the shady wildwood.

2. Come where the violets blue  
Rich perfumes are breathing,  
Come where the sunny brow  
Roses red are wreathing:  
Sweet sing the feathered choir,  
Not a note of sadness

Falls on the ravished ear;  
All is glee and gladness.

3.  
Come when the placid wave  
Glow in sunset glory;

Come when the dewy eve  
Veils the mountain hoary;  
Come when the rustic hearth  
Gathers youth and beauty;  
Come, and with gentle mirth  
Sweeten toil and duty.



1. My coun-try, my coun-try, I cher-ish thee still, Tho' ma - ny the ills that de - file thee : I'll

The first system of music is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is in the treble, and the accompaniment is in the bass. The lyrics are written below the notes.

weep o'er thy woe, and I'll pray for thy weal, And nev - er, no, nev - er re - vile thee.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. A "rit." (ritardando) marking is placed above the treble staff.

**CHORUS.**  
Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of de - vo - tion to thee!

The third system of music begins with the word "CHORUS." in bold. The melody and accompaniment continue with the lyrics "Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of de - vo - tion to thee!".

Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of de - vo - tion to thee!

The fourth system of music continues the chorus. The melody and accompaniment continue with the lyrics "Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of de - vo - tion to thee!".

2. I've drunk of the cup which thy bounty supplied,  
When peace with her olive-wreath crowned thee;  
And when thou art tossing on war's stormy tide,  
My heart shall cling closer around thee.—CHO.
3. The traitor at home, and the foeman abroad,  
May league to divide and enslave thee;  
But He who of old was thy guide and thy guard,  
Will watch o'er the greatness he gave thee.—CHO.
4. Here justice shall reign, and the bondsman shall sing  
Farewell to his tears and his anguish;  
For under the eagle of liberty's wing  
No child of oppression shall languish.—CHO.
5. 'Tis Liberty's prayer, 'tis Humanity's plea,  
"Be palsied the hand that would sever  
The land of the brave and the land of the free;  
The Union, the Union for ever!"—CHO.

## 236. America. 6s &amp; 4s.

HANDEL.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grims' pride, From eve - ry moun - tain side Let "Free-dom" ring.

2. My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees—  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light:  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our King.

## Oh, Bright is the Wine.

H. KINGSBURY.

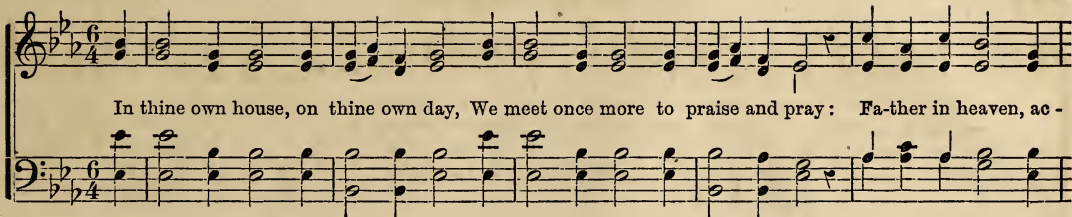
1. Oh, bright is the wine, the ru - by wine, That spar - kles in the cup; ' But dim are the eyes, the

CHORUS.  
blood-shot eyes Of him who quaffs it up. Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup That

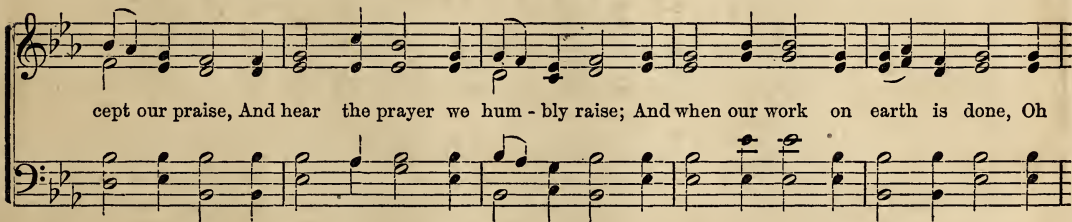
dooms the soul to hell, And drink the draught, the cool-ing draught That comes from the crystal well.

2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,  
As on the eye it gleams;  
But pure is the light, the diamond light  
Of nature's crystal streams.—Cho.

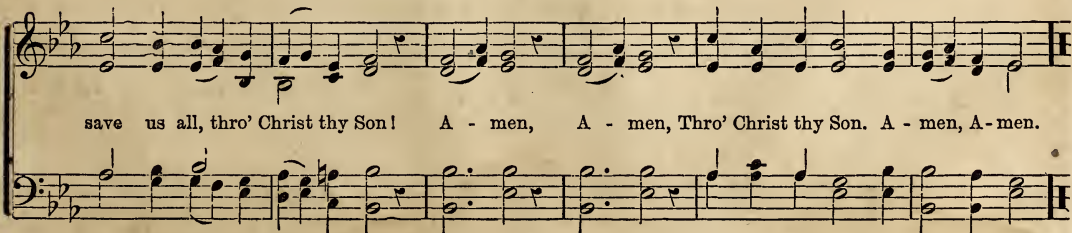
3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end,  
Of him who heedeth not  
To shun the cup, the treacherous cup,  
So full of danger fraught.—Cho.



In thine own house, on thine own day, We meet once more to praise and pray: Fa-ther in heaven, ac -



cept our praise, And hear the prayer we hum - bly raise; And when our work on earth is done, Oh



save us all, thro' Christ thy Son! A - men, A - men, Thro' Christ thy Son. A - men, A - men.



## Sing Jesus' Name.

Melody Sung at Freedmen's Village.

1. Come and join our happy song, Evermore sing Jesus' name: Heart and voice to him belong, Evermore sing Jesus' name.

**CHORUS.**

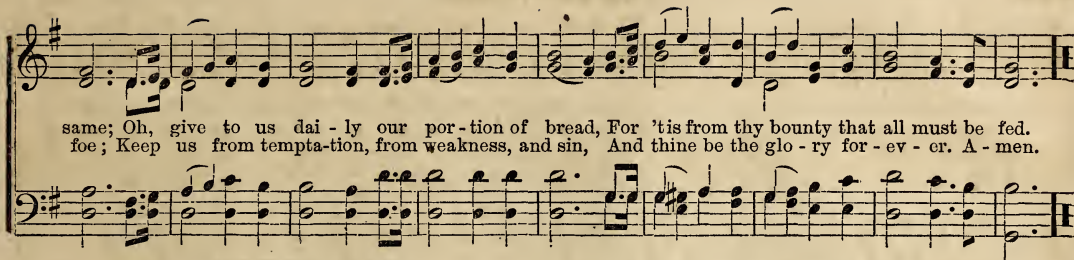
Oh, love Je - sus; Oh, bless Je - sus; Oh, praise Je - sus; Ev - er-more sing Je - sus' name.

2. Sing of him from heaven who came, Evermore sing Jesus' name—  
The song of Moses and the Lamb; Evermore sing Jesus' name.—CHO.
3. Jesus' name can save us all, etc. Jesus bids us on him call, etc.
4. Those that love him he will bless—  
Clothe them with his righteousness.
5. Oh, that all would love our Lord, Trust his grace, and keep his word.
6. And in heaven at length may we Praise him thro' eternity.—CHO.

## 240. Morning Prayer.

H. K.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low thy name; May thy king - dom ho - ly on earth be the  
2. For - give our transgressions, and teach us to know That hum - ble com - pas - sion that par - dons each



same; Oh, give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed.  
 foe; Keep us from tempta - tion, from weakness, and sin, And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

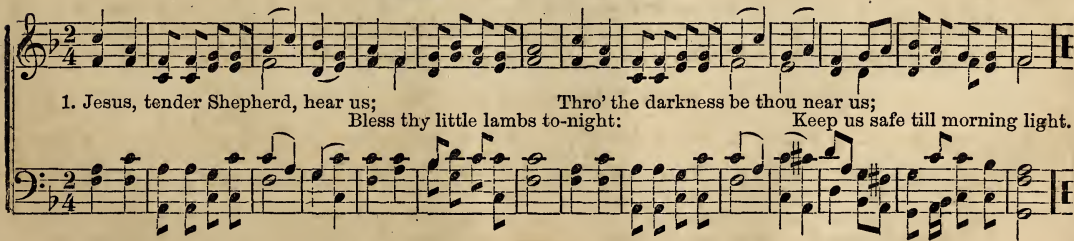
### 241. Ministering Angels.

1. How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss  
 Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this,  
 And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,  
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

2. They come! on the wings of the morning they  
 come,  
 The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode—  
 To convoy the stranger in peace to his home,  
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

### 242. Evening Prayer.

\*



1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us;  
 Bless thy little lambs to-night:  
 Thro' the darkness be thou near us;  
 Keep us safe till morning light.


2. All this day thy hand has led us,  
 And we thank thee for thy care;  
 Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,  
 Listen to our evening prayer.

3. May our sins be all forgiven;  
 Bless the friends we love so well;  
 Take us, when we die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

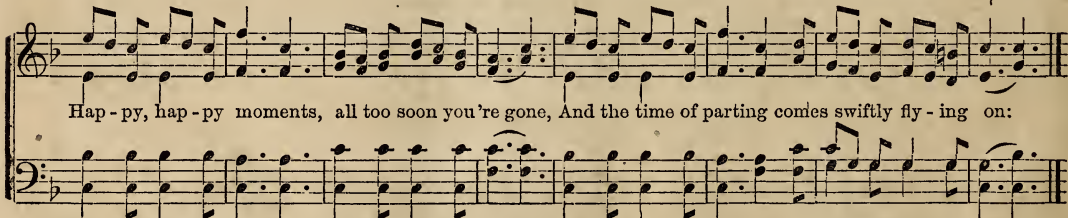
DUNCAN.



1. Hap-pi-ly we have met a - round our King, Words of life to hear, his praise to sing.



Friendly hands to grasp, while eye to eye Flash-es out the spark of love and joy. . . .



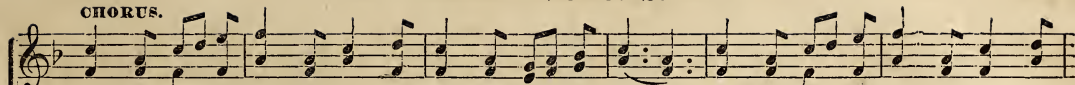
Hap - py, hap - py moments, all too soon you're gone, And the time of parting comes swiftly fly - ing on:

2. Cheerily we have met as voyagers meet,  
 Sailing on their way to friends and home;  
 Or as at a fount of waters sweet  
 Travellers who o'er the desert roam:  
 Hours of sweet refreshment, girding up the soul,  
 Eagerly to hasten towards the heavenly goal: **CHO.**

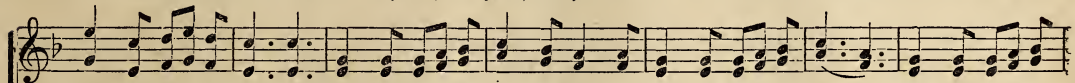
3. Joyfully we have met in Jesus' name,  
 Hopefully we part beneath his care,  
 Seeking how we may his love proclaim,  
 Bringing all we can that love to share;  
 Brighter thus each day shall rise our pilgrim sun,  
 Larger still our numbers the joyful race to run: **CHO.**

# HAPPY VOICES.

## CHORUS.




Lift we then yet once a - gain a hap - py song of praise, Once a - gain a lov - ing eye to



our Re-deem-er raise, Beg of him up-on each head his hand of love to lay, Giv - ing each a

*A little slower.*



work, a smile, a bless-ing on our way. So shall he guide us till part-ings are o'er, And wel-come us



all on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, And wel-come us all on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.



1. O come, let us sing un - - to the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal - vation.

Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving, And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

2. For the Lord is a | great— | God;  
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.  
In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;  
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
3. The sea is his, | and he | made it;  
And his hands pre- | par-ed—the | dry . . | land.  
O come, let us worship | and fall | down,  
And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
4. For he is the | Lord our | God;  
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep  
of | his — | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty . . of | holiness;  
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

5. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;  
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the |  
people | with his | truth.
6. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever |  
shall be,  
World | without | end. A- | men.

# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

	No.		No.
A beautiful home-----	149	Be the matter what it may-----	76
A crown of glory bright-----	218	Blesséd are the sons of God-----	85
A few more years shall roll-----	168	Booth-----	180
A giddy lamb one afternoon-----	202		
A happy New-year to thee, father-----	170	Canaan-----	53
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed-----	81	Children of the heavenly King-----	58
Always speak the truth-----	76	Children's voices-----	70
America. 6s & 4s-----	236	Child's desire-----	27
Am I a soldier of the cross-----	39	Christ is born, and heaven rejoices-----	158
Angels' welcome-----	163	Christmas carol-----	161
Antioch. C. M.-----	118	Christmas hymn-----	158
Around the throne of God in heaven-----	11	Christmas song-----	160
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep-----	194	Christ the Lord is risen to-day-----	166
As the birds in shady wildwood-----	137	Come and join our happy song-----	239
Athens. C. M. Double-----	36	Come and join the army-----	18
Autumn. 8s & 7s. Double-----	190	Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer?-----	5
Awake, and sing the song-----	3	Come, children, kindly gather-----	177
Away to the woods, away-----	233	Come, children, let us sweetly sing-----	53
		Come hither, all ye weary souls-----	90
Beautiful land-----	193	Come into Christ's army-----	107
Beautiful river-----	220	Come, let us all unite to sing-----	42
Beautiful world-----	231	Come, let us sing of Jesus-----	25
Beautiful Zion, built above-----	213	Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice-----	198
Behold a Stranger at the door-----	89	Come, thou Fount of every blessing-----	66
Behold, the mountain of the Lord-----	120	Come to Jesus to-day, (or just now)-----	40
Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young--	28	Come to the Sabbath-school, we really wish you would	102
Belief. C. M.-----	96	Come to the Saviour to-day-----	30
Believe it, dear children, that now is the time----	10	Come where the wild flowers grow-----	234

# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

	No.		No.
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy -----	199	God is near thee, therefore cheer thee-----	146
Conflict -----	86	God of the morning, at whose voice-----	230
Cross and crown. C. M. -----	80	Good Shepherd. 8s & 7s. Double-----	60
Dear Jesus, ever at my side -----	46	Good ship Zion -----	52
De Fleury. 8s. Double -----	206	Gospel banner. 7s & 6s -----	128
Dennis. S. M. -----	117	Gone, gone, loved one -----	173
Dewdrop -----	116	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah -----	69
Don't think there is nothing for children to do ---	135	Hail to the Lord's Anointed -----	127
Do what you can -----	135	Hallelujah -----	16
Down the stream of life they glide -----	88	Happily we have met around our King-----	243
Doxology. L. M. -----	93	Happy angels, still you dwell-----	54
Duke-street. L. M. -----	227	Happy day. L. M. -----	43
Evening prayer -----	242	Happy land-----	1
Expostulation-----	78	Happy home-----	138
Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild-----	84	Happy home above -----	151
Faith is a very simple thing -----	98	Happy shepherds in Judah that heard the angel hosts	215
Far from the fold of Jesus -----	95	Happy voices -----	2
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss -----	156	Hark, ten thousand harps and voices-----	122
Flowers, sweet flowers-----	4	Hark, the herald angels sing -----	63
Forbid them not -----	29	Hark, the morning bells are ringing-----	6
For ever here my rest shall be -----	101	Hark, the song of jubilee-----	64
Fount. 8s & 7s. Double-----	66	Hark, what mean those holy voices -----	8
Fountain -----	15	Harwell. 8s & 7s. Double -----	122
From Greenland's icy mountains -----	125	Have courage to do right -----	74
From the cross uplifted high -----	183	Heaven above-----	222
Gentle Shepherd -----	95	Heaven is my home -----	184
Gloria in Excelsis. <i>Chant</i> -----	140	He is risen, he is not here-----	164
Glorious things of thee are spoken-----	129	High above yon stars of night -----	192
Glory to thee, my God, this night -----	228	Holy Bible, book divine-----	57
Glory to the Father give -----	178	Home, dear home, we never can forget -----	148
God is love -----	42	Home in the skies -----	150
		Home of the blest -----	195
		Homeward bound -----	210
		Hosanna -----	14

# HAPPY VOICES.

	No.		No.
How can I be a happy child -----	34	I want to be an angel -----	22
How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss-----	241	I want to be like Jesus-----	23
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord-----	49	I was a wandering sheep -----	45
How happy every child of grace -----	38		
How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky-----	50	Jerusalem, for ever bright-----	193
How precious is the story-----	24	Jerusalem, my happy home -----	157
How small are the dewdrops, those gems of the morn-----	116	Jesus ever near. C. M. -----	46
How sweet are the flowers of the garden and field-----	4	Jesus, high in glory -----	132
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight-----	83	Jesus, how can I but love thee -----	71
How sweet is the Sabbath to me -----	207	Jesus is our Shepherd-----	144
How sweet the light of Sabbath eve-----	223	Jesus, lover of my soul -----	56
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds-----	96	Jesus loves me, this I know -----	105
How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me-----	112	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone -----	229
		Jesus, tender Saviour-----	143
I do believe, I now believe -----	96	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us -----	242
If you would find salvation-----	74	Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move -----	211
I have a Father in the promised land-----	205	Joy to the world, the Lord is come-----	118
I have a home, a happy home -----	138	Just as I am, without one plea-----	35
I heard the voice of Jesus say -----	36		
I know there's a crown for the saints of renown-----	87	Kemp -----	133
Illinois. L. M. -----	89		
I love a little child with his sparkling eye -----	134	Land of the free-----	235
I'm a little pilgrim-----	142	Latter day. 8s & 7s. Double-----	129
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger -----	209	Lebanon. S. M. Double -----	45
I'm but a stranger here-----	184	Let us with a joyful mind. 7s -----	62
Inquiry -----	34	Let us work for the school*with our hearts and our hands -----	109
In the Christian's home in glory -----	196	Life a race-----	17
In the far better land of glory and light -----	16	Light of those whose dreary dwelling -----	123
In the rosy light of the morning bright-----	94	Little drops of water-----	131
In the Saviour's pleasant fold-----	106	Little graves-----	176
In thy childhood's sunny morning -----	33	Little pilgrims -----	20
Invitation -----	102	Little servants -----	136
Invocation -----	238	Little travellers Zion-ward -----	219
I see in heaven those mansions bright-----	203	Lord's prayer -----	175
I think, when I read that sweet story of old-----	27		



# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

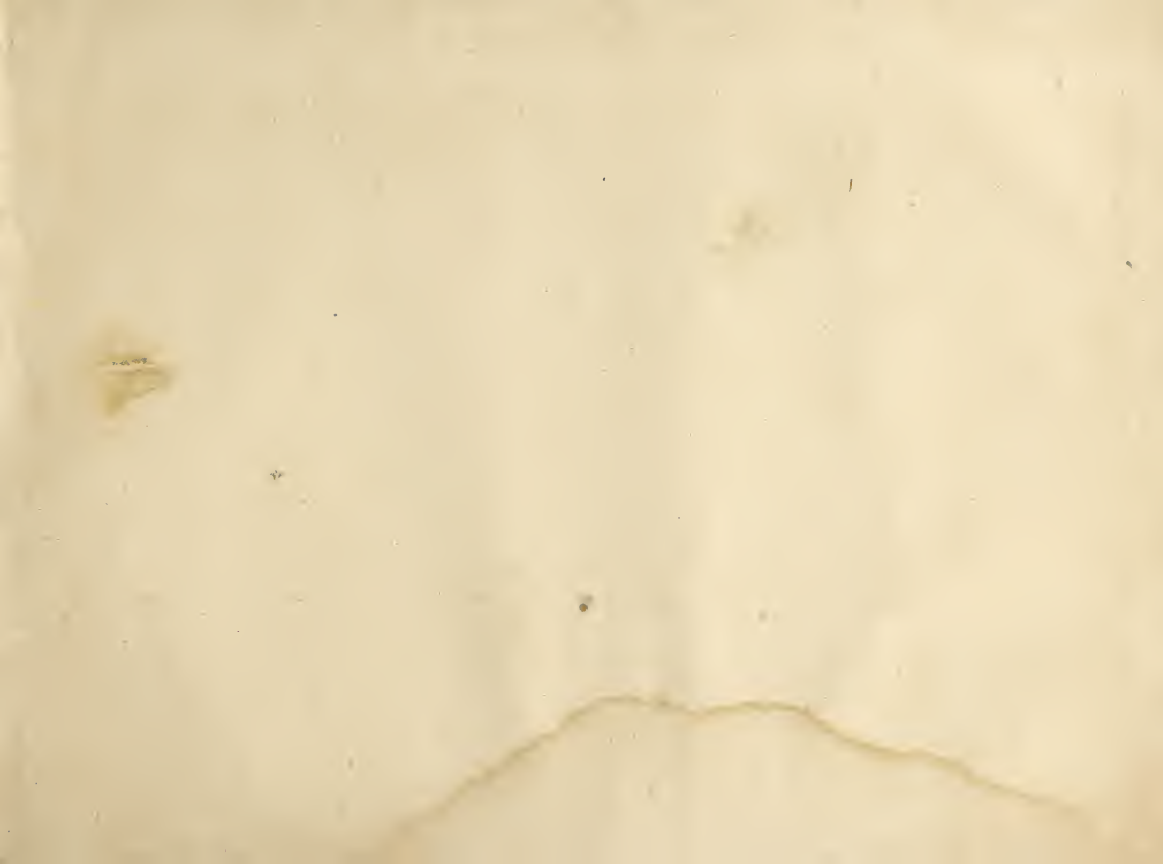
Love at home -----	No. 141	O'er the flowing river -----	No. 174
Love for Jesus -----	71	Of such is the kingdom -----	65
Lovely land -----	212	Oft as I rove in thoughtless mood -----	181
		Oh, bright is the wine -----	237
Maitland. C. M. -----	80	Oh, childhood's happy voice, birdlike and sweet --	70
Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing	139	Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord -----	244
Meet and right it is to sing -----	172	Oh come to the Saviour, dear children, to-day ----	30
Memory -----	147	Oh do not be discouraged -----	75
Mercy's call -----	33	Oh for a thousand tongues to sing -----	119
Missionary hymn -----	125	Oh happy day, that fixed my choice -----	44
Morning bells -----	6	Oh happy land, Oh happy land -----	99
Morning hymn -----	111	Oh, remember the Sabbath-school -----	104
Morning prayer -----	240	Oh sing to me of heaven -----	216
Morning songs -----	137	Oh tell me, Thou life and delight of my soul -----	153
Mozart. 7s -----	165	Oh, the green grass waves o'er the silent graves --	176
Must Jesus bear his cross alone -----	80	Oh there is a fountain that never is dry -----	15
My country, my country, I cherish thee still -----	235	Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright ----	103
My country, 'tis of thee -----	236	Oh turn ye, Oh turn ye, for why will ye die ----	78
My days are gliding swiftly by -----	200	Oh what can little hands do -----	138
My faith looks up to thee -----	41	Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright ----	195
My God, how endless is thy love -----	226	Oh why do I find it so hard to do right -----	86
My heavenly home -----	169	Oh wont you be a Christian while you're young --	31
My heavenly home is bright and fair -----	227	Olivet. 6s & 4s -----	41
My home is in heaven, my rest is not here -----	163	Once I wandered on the mountain -----	60
My Saviour, my almighty Friend -----	188	Once more, my soul, the rising day -----	154
		One there is above all others -----	48
Nature's cheerful voices all in harmony chime -----	2	Once was heard the song of children -----	67
Nearer, my God, to thee -----	185	Orford. L. M. -----	223
No sorrow there. S. M. -----	216	O sacred Head, now wounded -----	26
Not all the blood of beasts -----	117	Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name -----	240
Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves -----	121	Our Father which art in heaven. <i>Chant</i> -----	175
Now be the gospel banner -----	128	Our sorrows and our sins were laid -----	101
Now is the time -----	10	Our own dear home -----	148
Now the Sabbath eve declining -----	145	Out on an ocean all boundless we ride -----	210
Now the shades of night are gone -----	165	Over the mountains, barren and cold -----	115

# HAPPY VOICES.

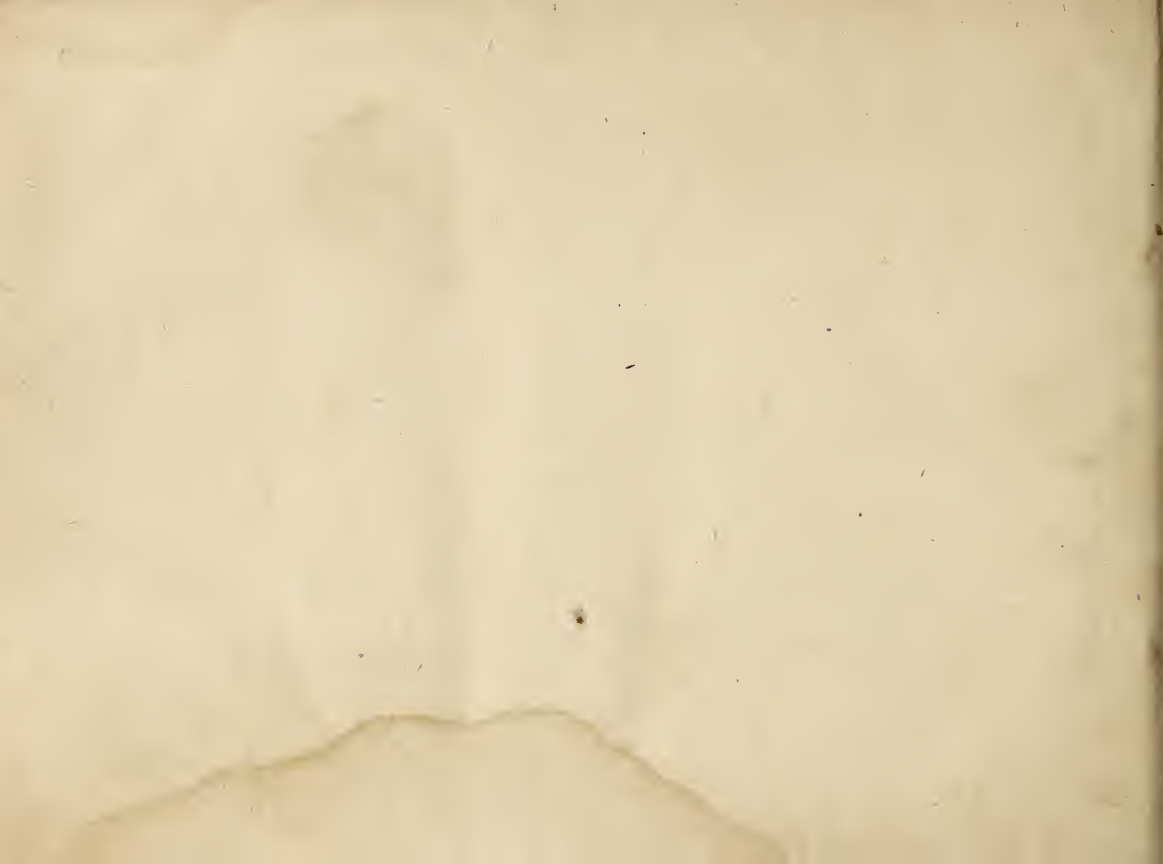
Over the sea -----	No. 110	Sing praises -----	No. 94
Parting hymn -----	243	Sinners, will you scorn the message -----	68
Pasture. 7s. 6 lines -----	84	Softly now the light of day -----	167
Pilgrim song -----	168	Song of children. 8s, 7s, & 4s -----	48
Portuguese Hymn. 11s -----	49	Songs of praise the angels sang -----	59
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow -----	93	Soon as I heard my Father say -----	37
Praise the Lord, who reigns above -----	171	Sorrow is o'er -----	214
Praise to God, the great Creator -----	9	Stand up for Jesus -----	179
Preserved by thine almighty power -----	43	Star of Bethlehem -----	159
Press on, little pilgrims, and never give up -----	186	Stephens. C. M. -----	154
Refuge. 7s. Double -----	54	Still small voice -----	181
Remember the Sabbath-school -----	104	Still water. 11s & 10s -----	151
Rest for the weary -----	196	Sunday-school army -----	75
Rock of ages, cleft for me -----	182	Sunday-school battle song -----	139
Roll, Jordan, roll -----	221	Sunlight -----	232
Rose of Sharon. C. M. -----	51	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear -----	224
Round the throne in glory -----	65	Sweetly sing, sweetly sing -----	61
Sabbath morning -----	103	Thanksgiving Song. 7s & 6s -----	171
Saviour, listen to our prayer -----	162	The city's hum was hushed and still -----	160
Saw you never in the twilight -----	159	The day is past and gone -----	217
Say, brothers, will you meet us? -----	108	The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose ---	152
See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean ---	113	The morning light is breaking -----	126
See, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands -----	47	The morning, the bright and the beautiful morning	111
Send the tidings of salvation -----	124	The pearl that worldlings covet -----	73
Shall we gather at the river -----	220	The pearly gates are open wide -----	187
Shall we meet beyond the river? -----	189	There is a fountain filled with blood -----	100
Shall we meet in heaven above -----	191	There is a happy land -----	1
Sheepfold -----	114	There is a land of pure delight -----	212
Shining shore -----	200	There is a Rose whose beauties grace -----	51
Shining way. C. M. Double -----	187	There is beauty all around -----	141
Shout the tidings of salvation -----	130	There is no name so sweet on earth -----	201
Sing Jesus' name -----	239	There's a beautiful home for thee, brother -----	149
		There's a bright unfading crown -----	222
		There's a crown for the young -----	87

# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

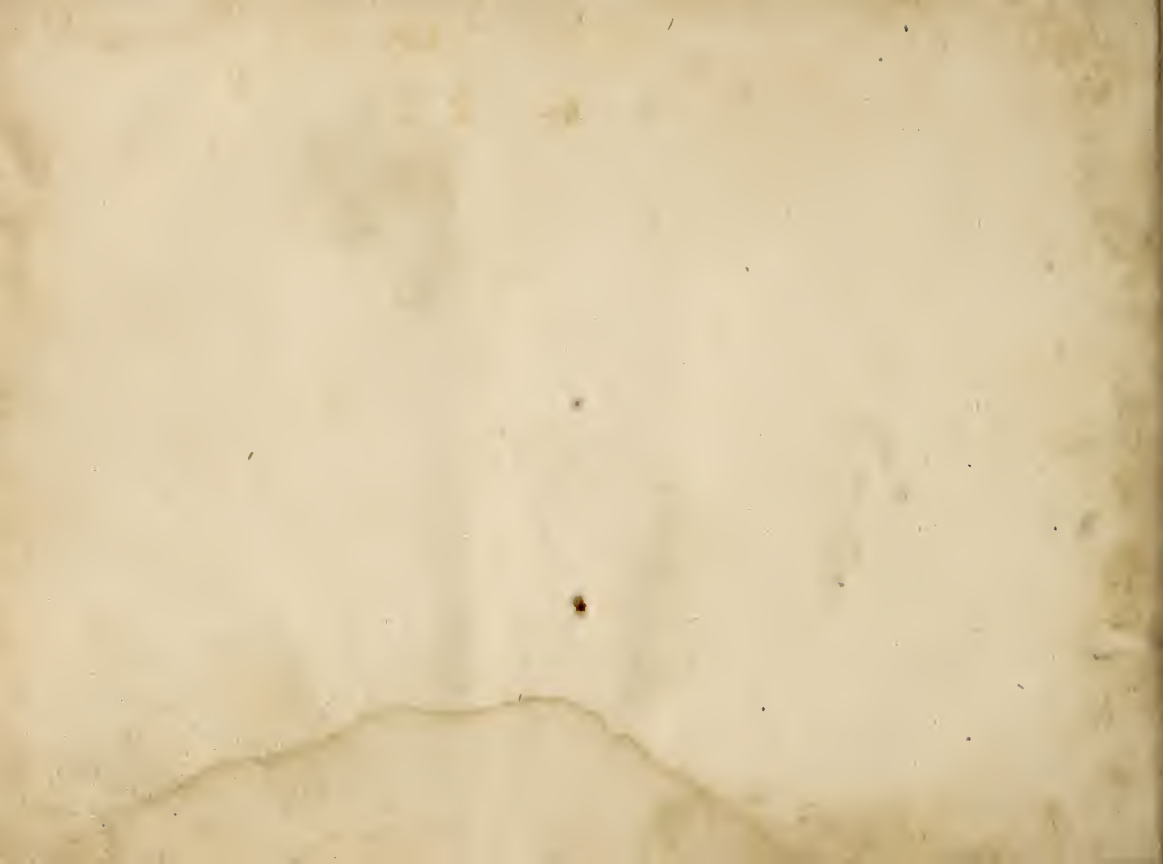
	No.		No.
There's a land of peerless beauty-----	190	We're travelling home to heaven above-----	19
There's a voice in the air, a still small voice-----	133	We soon shall leave this foreign land-----	151
There's beauty in the sunshine-----	231	We speak of the realms of the blest-----	208
The Saviour! Oh what endless charms-----	82	We three kings of Orient are-----	161
The sea is wildly tossing-----	110	We wont give up the Bible-----	72
The Sunday-school, that blessed place-----	97	What are those soul-reviving strains-----	14
The sun shines bright, and it pours its light-----	232	What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flow- ing tears-----	214
The valleys and the mountains-----	12	When I can read my title clear-----	155
The way to heaven is narrow-----	20	When I survey the wondrous cross-----	93
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love-----	225	When Jesus, the meek and the lowly, was here-----	114
This is not my place of resting-----	197	When Mary to the Saviour's feet-----	29
This life is a battle with Satan and sin-----	179	When, marshalled on the nightly plain-----	92
This life is a race-----	17	When shall we meet again-----	147
This world is not my home, I know-----	169	When we are twenty-one, boys-----	21
This world's a wilderness, and dangers cluster round-----	32	While you're young-----	31
To-day the Saviour calls-----	79	Who can describe the joys that rise-----	91
To Thee, my God and Saviour-----	13	Who shall sing, if not the children?-----	7
Universal praise-----	12	Will you go?-----	19
Wandering lambs-----	115	Will you meet us?-----	108
Ware. L. M.-----	92	Wont you volunteer?-----	5
Watchman, tell us of the night-----	55	Would you be as angels are-----	77
We are homeward bound to the land of light above-----	52	Ye angels who stand round the throne-----	206
We are on our journey home-----	180	Young Christian's burial-----	177
We're going home-----	204	Youthful mariners-----	88
We're marching to the camp above-----	18	Youthful pilgrims, whither bound-----	204
We're passing along to our home in the skies-----	150		















## NEW AND ATTRACTIVE BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

PAUL VENNER; or, The Forge and the Pulpit. With Engravings. \$1 15.

HOPES OF HOPE CASTLE; or, Times of John Knox and Queen Mary Stuart. \$1 15.

THE ENGLISH EXILE; or, William Tyndale at Home and Abroad. 85 cts.

### BIBLE HELPS.

FAMILY BIBLE WITH NOTES. With brief but admirable explanatory Notes and practical Instructions, with Maps, Tables, References, Harmony of the Gospels, etc. Price \$6 00.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. A treasure in every family, and invaluable for Sabbath-school teachers and all who study the Bible. 250 Engravings, 5 colored Maps. Price \$1 50.

BIBLE ATLAS AND GAZETTEER. With six fine large colored Maps, and Tables. \$1 00.

FAMILY TESTAMENT WITH NOTES. Pocket edition. Price 90 cents.

BIBLE TEXT-BOOK. A very compact compendium and analysis of Bible subjects. Price 40 cts.

THE BIBLE READER'S HELP. Two Maps. For old and young. 35 cts.

### NEW SINGING BOOKS.

SONGS OF ZION, enlarged. Over four hundred Hymns, with Tunes for all. Perhaps the choicest selection of Hymns and Tunes ever published for prayer-meetings and families. Price 60 cents. By the quantity, 50 cents.

GEMS FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING. A choice collection for social service. 10 cents boards. By the quantity, 8 cts. Flexible cloth, 15 cts.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK;

AND FOR SALE AT

BOSTON, 40 Cornhill, N. P. KEMP, Treasurer; ROCHESTER, 75 State-street, O. D. GROSVENOR, Agent; PHILADELPHIA, 1240 Chestnut-street, H. N. THISSELL, Agent; BALTIMORE, 73 West Fayette-street, Rev. S. GUITEAU, Agent; RICHMOND, 711 Broad-street, Rev. G. F. SHEARER, Agent; CINCINNATI, 163 Walnut-street, SEELY WOOD, Agent; CHICAGO, 7 Custom-house-place, Rev. GLEN WOOD, Dis. Sec.; ST. LOUIS, 9 South-Fifth-street, J. W. MCINTYRE, Agent; and by booksellers in the principal cities and towns.